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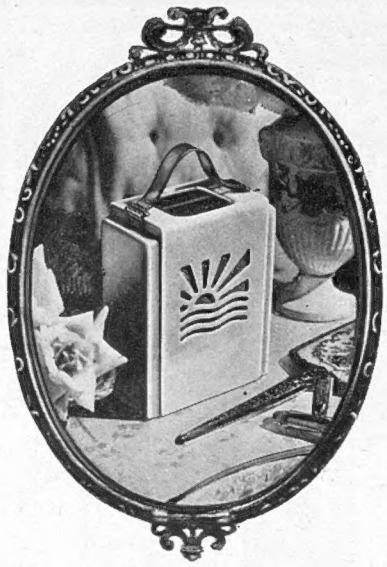

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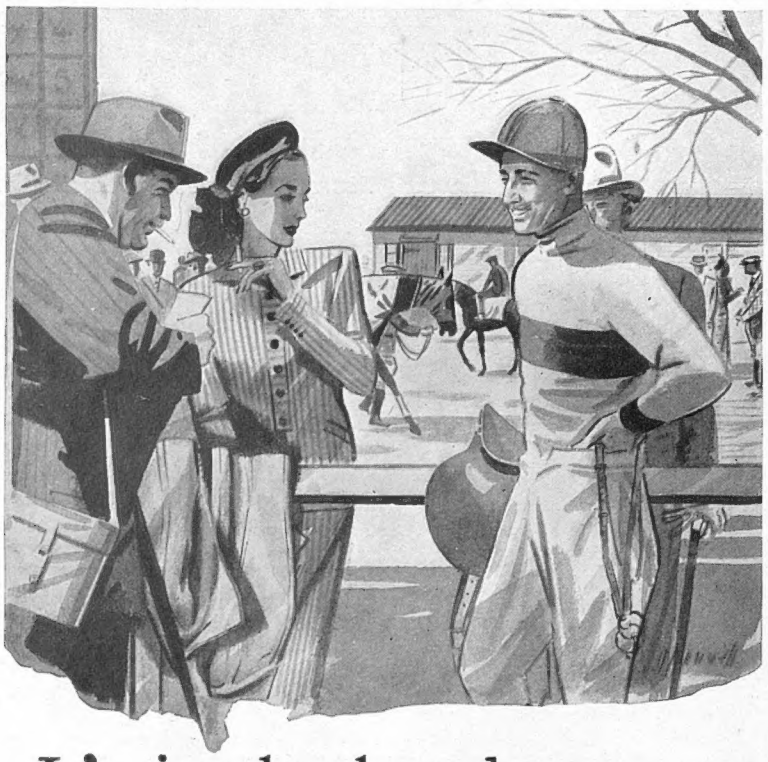

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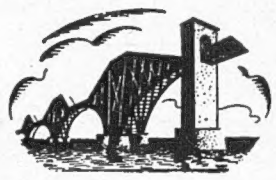

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

THE EIGHTH LAMBETH CONFERENCE DRAWS TO A CLOSE—THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY, VESTED IN THE COPE AND MITRE MADE BY THE BROTHERHOOD OF ST. ANDREW IN JAPAN, WALKS IN THE GREAT PROCESSION TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY FOR THE SERVICE OF THANKSGIVING: The service was attended by 300 Bishops of the Anglican Communion, who joined in a public act of corporate thanksgiving to mark the end of their deliberations

Bishops from all parts of the world took part in the five-weeks discussions of the Eighth Lambeth Conference, a gathering of the deepest significance for the future of organised religion, and the service last Sunday at Westminster Abbey was a fitting end to those momentous deliberations. Heralded by fanfares by the State Trumpeters of the Royal Horse Guards, the Bishops walked from Dean's Yard to the Abbey, most of them in Convocation robes. A resplendent figure was Dr. Fisher, Archbishop of Canterbury, the Primate of All England, who wore the cope and mitre made from Japanese silks and fabrics and brocaded by craftsmen of the Brotherhood of St. Andrew in Japan. The vestments are a gift from the laymen of Japan in appreciation of the opportunity accorded for the attendance of the Japanese Bishops at the Conference. (Further pictures of the ceremonial will be found on page 195 of this issue)

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A LONDON NEWSLETTER

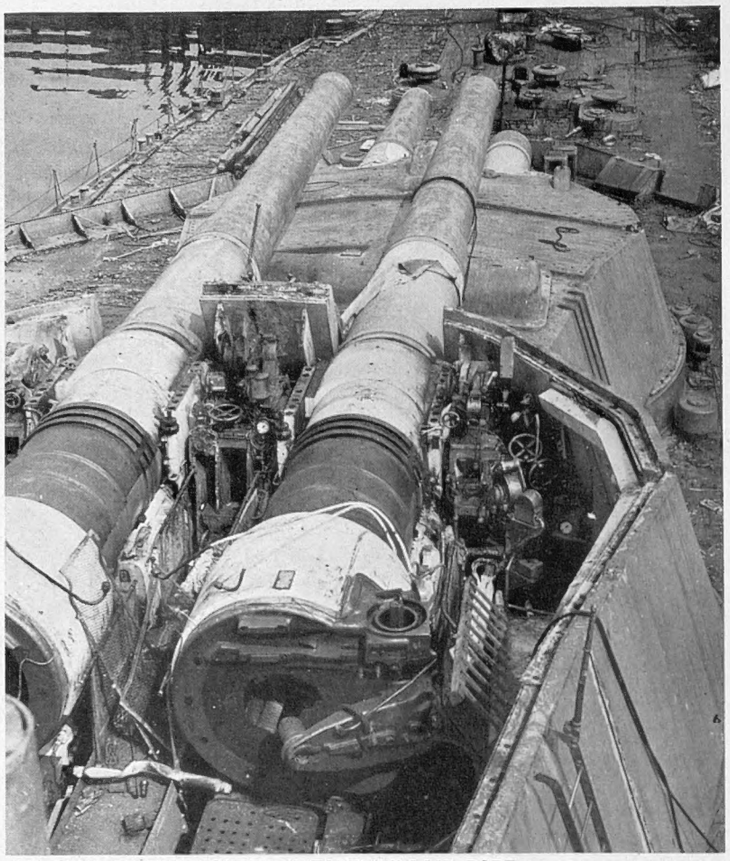
1, NEW OXFORD STREET, W.C.1.

A Welcome Holiday.—I am about to go on a holiday, and for that and other reasons I warmly welcome a duty imposed on me to take a holiday from matters concerned with Berlin, Moscow, and so on. A journalist's duty is to know before he writes, and a journalist, who does his stuff must be better equipped than I to penetrate the iron curtain and return with the truth. It has not escaped me that the best equipped have returned with very doubtful bunches of grapes. So, indeed, I welcome this holiday from wild guesses, heady jibes and irritant generalisations, and I welcome the return to the sanity and sense of "secret diplomacy" which indeed means no more than giving the diplomats a chance and eliminating a multitude of lies and rumours, whose currency kills stone-dead at the first shot all hopes of settlements and the composing of differences and suspicions. "Face-saving," after all, is not wholly contemptible or unreasonable. A country's representative has a duty to his government, to his people, to civilisation, even to himself. He cannot, since he is human, possess an iron consistency. He is led in heated debate beyond his brief. He needs, if he is to correct himself, every opportunity of cool thinking and every chance of devising a satisfactory formula to that desirable end of compromise.

Conscription.—While in the sweltering heat holiday-makers were thronging the racecourses and stadiums and cricket-grounds (and fainting in hundreds), the young manhood of this country were "enjoying" training under the National Service Act. We have recently had an instance of what that training can show of imagination, sense and common humanity in the Navy. In the Army, the useless deaths of three healthy young recruits were required to throw light on the degree of "imagination" that obtains in the Army scheme of training. Evidence crowds in that the whole organisation is in chaos. For three-quarters of their time, the young conscripts may kick their heels in idleness and boredom, loathing their period of service with the Colours, learning nothing useful for character-making and discipline of mind, and very little concerned with weapons and methods of war. And when strenuous training is ordained, these latest tragedies (and many another instance) reveal how utterly lacking in imagination are some of the officers responsible, how criminal the negligence of the War Office. Always it is the same story, always the authorities are a march behind, "faint yet pursuing" the lessons of the last war, never picturing the probabilities of the next. "Commando training—that 's the ticket. Treat 'em rough, work 'em to the last ounce. Nothing else will do for a landing in Normandy." And so the boys are ordered out, perhaps after weeks of idleness, on orders emanating from the mind of a Prussian sergeant-major. The thermometer has broken all records for days, the sun's rays are obviously dangerous, but that kind of mind does not vary the rules; steel helmets, rifles, packs, pouches and a good 8-mile route march for the boys, with the thermometer at 92 deg. Two or three die of it, and Mr. Shinwell issues a special order which lays down that "heat conditions should be studied and might justify a modification of cast-iron marching-order." And every week more parents are compelled to send their boys into the unknown ("The findings will not be published"), certain only that the whole organisation is in the usual post-war muddle, with imagination down to the Prussian drill-sergeant level and the organisation competing with that of the Victorian village flower-show. *Is somebody going to swing for this?* Are the bereaved parents going to leave it there?

T.A. Recruitment.—"For some reason unknown to me the response of the manhood of England to join the T.A. is not good. . . . The people of England should understand that they have only one national army now and it is based on the T.A. . . . If at the moment a volunteer is a little out of pocket, that must be his contribution to the security of his homeland and his family." So spoke Lord Montgomery at Bulford Camp, and I am glad to repeat his words. For it is no doubt a serious thing. Yet, as it seems to me, a man like Lord Montgomery should be embarrassed and not gravelled in finding reasons to account for this reluctance. Here are a few obvious ones: (1) In the past few years the initiative and keenness of young and old have been knocked out of them by deliberate Government policy; (2) Englishmen have not only "had enough of war" (as the Field-Marshal hints), but they are kept so much in the dark about the W.O.'s notions of suitable training for the *next* war that they may be pardoned if they doubt whether the infantryman and mechanised infantryman's role will play a vital part in it. They observe that the methods of 1941 in the training of troops are being rigidly enforced, and without much imagination, sometimes; and I should say that, unless the investigation into the deaths of those three recruits is openly carried out and condign punishment inflicted on the guilty, if any, those tragedies alone will be enough to hold up recruiting without the most clear-cut guarantees of amendment; (3) "To join the T.A. and be out of pocket thereby must be a youth's contribution to the security of his homeland." Does the Field-Marshal realise precisely what contribution to his family's security a young man has been called on to make since July 5? Throwing in the present cost of bare necessities, food, fuel, transport, rent, clothes, let alone the "luxuries" of tobacco and beer, in short, the fantastic cost of the very low standard of living, can the Field-Marshal seriously suppose that the average potential recruit, who, under the steady official policy of sapping the citizen's keenness and initiative, has retained a very little of it, can have a margin of income with which to meet his out-of-pocket expenses for doing the patriotic thing? The State has robbed him of his initiative and taken for his "security" his surplus income, if any; the wars of his time have convinced him that to defend your country successfully against invasion and slavery may leave it in a worse chaos than those countries whose citizens refused to fight or surrendered half-way through the test. The atomic bomb has shattered his preconceived ideas of the importance of personnel in war, and the War Office has done nothing effective in propaganda to counter or contradict his doubts. Foolish as those doubts may be, they need lucid contradiction. I am astonished at Lord Montgomery's surprise and pain.

A Hundred Years at Radley.—Radley College, to-day one of the great public schools, celebrated its centenary in 1947. Its "definitive biography" has now been written: *The History of Radley College* (*Blackwell*), by A. K. Boyd, an eye-witness of its best years of progress. It is a very well-written book, lucid, impartial, restrained, amusing and instructive, and its illustrations (beginning with a sketch of the school-house by J. W. M. Turner, *ætat.* 14) are superb. The school's shaky start, when the ideals of those remarkable educationalists, Sewell and Singleton, were all too hastily translated into practice, makes dramatic reading; for more than once bankruptcy loomed near and only the intervention of cooler business heads saved the school from shipwreck. A century ago Sewell's idea, tried out at St. Columba's in Ireland, was a novelty. He did not follow Arnold or the rough-house methods which made a man of Tom Brown. His plan was to make of English boys of the upper and middle classes Christian gentlemen and scholars by the tone and atmosphere in which they lived, as in the bosom of a large (but not too large) Christian family, surrounded by the "best society" and notable works of art, with privacy for developing the soul and art and music for æsthetic needs . . . and so on. All very novel in 1840 and needing a considerable working capital. Soon enough ideals had to give way to brass tacks and bankers replace dreamers. But the seed did not die. Its fate was long uncertain. The tender plant wilted often enough, but did not perish, and before the Great Wars and the social revolution came, Radley had established itself in its soil strong enough to face all weathers; and to-day it is a prize bloom. But it was nip-and-tuck for half-a-century, and Mr. Boyd's narrative is sometimes as dramatic as it is always instructive and very well worth reading.



THE GUNS OF THE "QUEEN ELIZABETH" LAID BARE—LOOKING ALONG THE FORWARD TURRETS OF THE DOOMED BATTLESHIP DURING THE PROGRESS OF SHIPBREAKING AT THE DALMUIR YARDS: The "Queen Elizabeth" carried eight 15-in. guns in twin turrets. This picture shows the immense length of the piece and the massive nature of the breech-block mechanism. The battleship was completed in 1915 and served with distinction in the two World Wars

A Chance for Craftsmen.—I read with great satisfaction the news that the Chancellor was prepared to make things easier for genuine craftsmen in the disposal of their wares. The machine age, which is death to craftsmen of many kinds, kills the thing it has most need of Never before was the need of craftsmanship so great, to raise the levels of taste, to revive initiative, to provide for the lucky few a life's work which is also a life's hobby. For decades, under economic pressure, the flow overseas of our once limitless store of treasures made by the greatest craftsmen, has been increasing. And now that more and more of the great country houses are being handed over to the National Trust, lock, stock and barrel, a permanent need arises for craftsmen of all kinds who can travel over the country putting to rights the irreplaceable fabrics, the furniture, pictures and other treasures which must otherwise decay. There are at least half-a-dozen specialised crafts comprised in such an organisation. In old days each great country house possessed in its hierarchy hereditary craftsmen in many of these lines who handed on their knowledge and skill from father to son. Read the story of Knole for confirmation. The last of these family craftsmen are old men now, their art and experience are dying with them. They alone can hand their secrets on and keep the torch alive. What is needed is the creation of a training school for producing such a body of itinerant craftsmen which might be established at such a place as Knole, whither the surviving craftsmen in ancient masonry, in furniture-making and repair, panelling, window-leading and repair, and so forth, might be drawn as instructors. Nor is it to be forgotten how large must be the demand for really skilled picture restorers and workers on lacquer, in leather, and men skilled in the restoration of veneers, in tapestry and other fabrics, in clock repairs—the list of needs is endless. I can conceive of no better career for a boy, good with his hands, than to be bound apprentice in one such line to such a training organisation, one day to qualify as a master in his particular line, assured of a job which is also his lifelong hobby, a job, so far as I can see, in no danger of drying up.

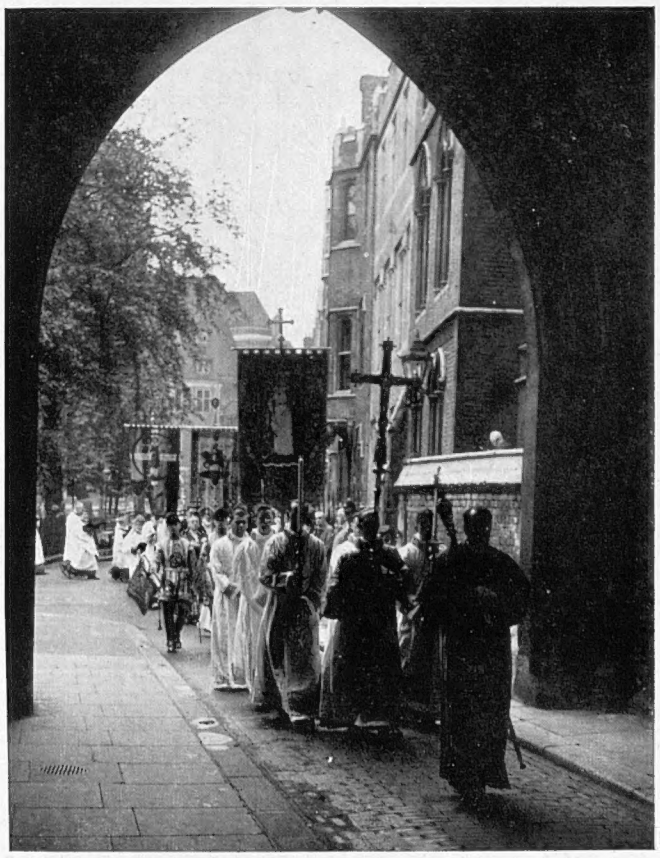
The Silly Season.—The Silly Season was once a recognised feature of the English social year; the Press made a field day of the month of August when Society had scattered and fashion-chat was temporarily to seek. Then it was that bogus Channel swimmers made their claims, bogus barons did their stuff, bogus correspondents wrote fake latters to the Press which innocents seriously replied to, the "Spanish-prisoner" trickster reaped his harvest, the monsters appeared in Scottish lochs, the "crack of the rifles" was heard among the grouse early on the 12th, rumours of war were rife, and, most certain of all, obscure individuals claimed to be the missing heirs of notables. And here we are again. August is with us and a Danish farm-hand is claiming to be the Lindbergh baby. The rumours of war are here, the Channel swimmers are busy, and I confidently expect the Lochness monster, even if there be no grouse worth a "rifle-crack." I always enjoy the "silly season," if only because it was the title of my first book, published in undergraduate days, which still affords me a chuckle and a sense of envy of my juvenile high spirits.

THE OLD STAGER

CHURCH PAGEANTRY AT THE ABBEY

THE MISSIONARY DIOCESES OF THE EAST REPRESENTED IN THE MARCH TO WESTMINSTER ABBEY : Some of the 300 or more bishops who have been attending the Lambeth Conference en route from Dean's Yard to the Abbey for the special Service of Thanksgiving to mark the end of the Conference. All available seats in the Abbey were occupied

THE BISHOPS FROM THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA : With an acolyte walking before them with the banner they pass from Dean's Yard to the Abbey door. Above the Abbey flew the Stars and Stripes, a graceful compliment to the largest overseas contingent attending the conference



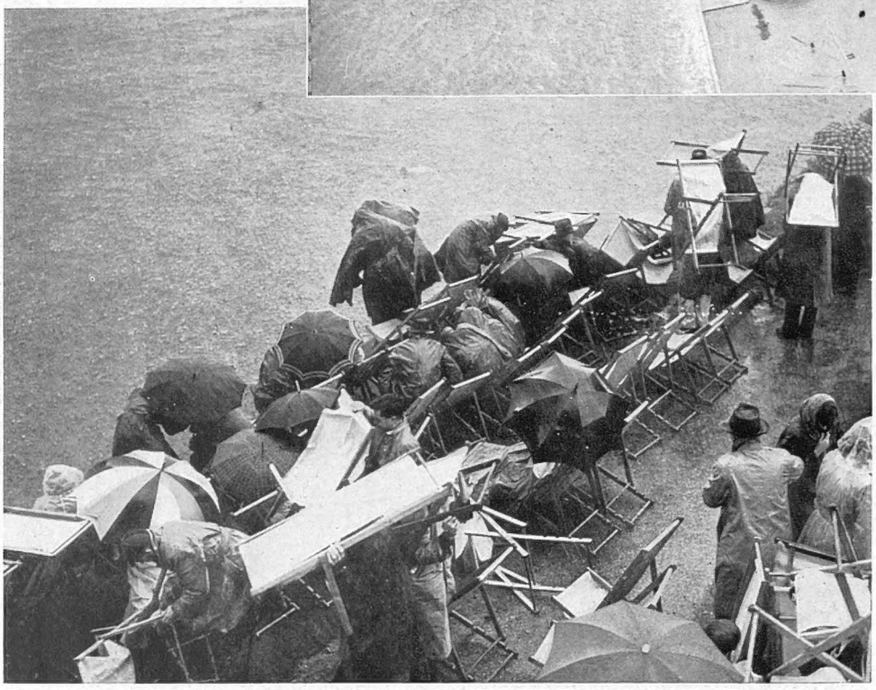
THE PROCESSION ENTERS THE SANCTUARY AND THE STATE TRUMPETERS BLOW A FANFARE AT THE ABBEY DOOR : In their gold full-dress uniforms the trumpeters gave an added touch of pageantry to the occasion. The Archbishop of Canterbury, vested in the cope and mitre presented to him by the people of Japan, took up the rear of the procession, and in the Abbey he was the Celebrant at the General Communion. The Archbishop of York, Dr. Garbett, gave the address

THE GREAT AUGUST STORM

Widespread Damage Round Britain's Coasts

A 70-m.p.h. gale swept the English Channel and the East Coast last week-end. Inland, torrential rain poured down for hours on end, and Britain had one of its wettest summer week-ends for many a year. Reports of flood havoc came from many resorts, the most serious being from Jaywick, near Clacton, where 1,000 holiday-makers were washed out of their bungalows, many of them having to be taken home by a special emergency train arranged for their relief. Thirty streets of nearly 500 bungalows were swamped. At least twelve people lost their lives in mountainous seas, and twenty were rescued under great difficulties from yachts battered by the gale. The damage to fruit and grain crops has been heavy, and a long spell of sunshine is needed to right matters

AT JAYWICK, 1,000 PEOPLE WERE DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOMES: An aerial view of the bungalow town near Clacton which was swamped by the heavy seas of last week-end. Altogether 500 houses were flooded after monster waves had poured over the low sea wall



THE STORM AT HENLEY, WHERE THE OLYMPIC ROWING EVENTS TOOK PLACE: The rain poured down in torrents upon the luckless riverside spectators. Some of them, as this picture shows, attempted to keep themselves dry by holding deck-chairs over their heads

WHERE THE SEA BROKE THROUGH AT JAYWICK: A view of the foreshore at this East Coast bungalow town after the great storm had driven the water on to the houses, flooding some to a depth of 4 ft.

GIANT WAVES BREAK OVER THE PROMENADE AT BRIGHTON: The promenade was littered with debris and running with water. The spray was carried right against the houses, and many thousands of holiday-makers were forced indoors. Lifeboats were called to small ships in distress in the Channel, and twelve people were drowned at holiday resorts

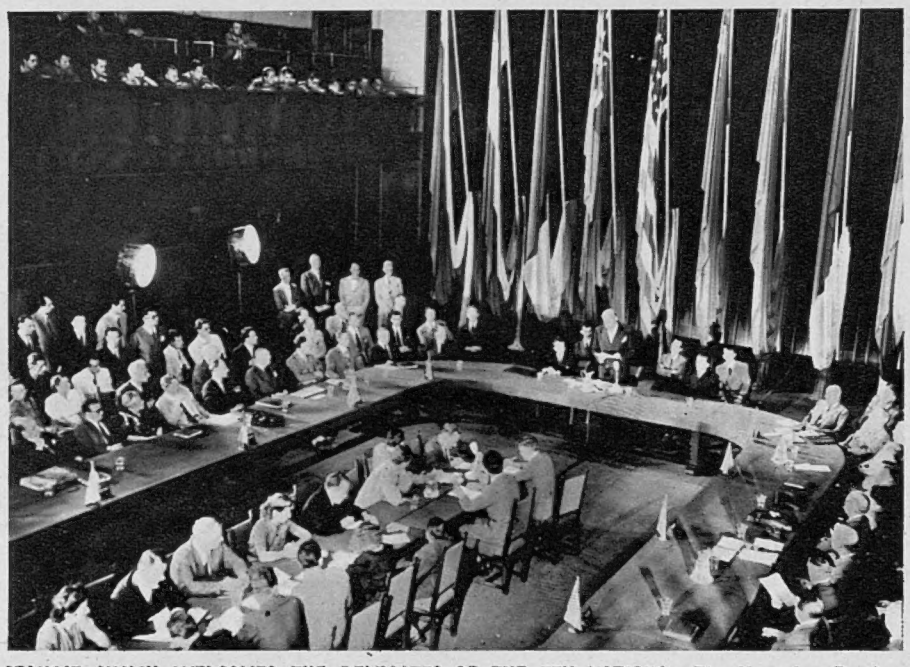
THE YACHT "GULL" IS WRECKED OFF THE SUSSEX COAST: The 18-ton craft, which was caught in the storm when on her way up Channel from Guernsey, battered by the waves at Seaford. Six persons in the "Gull" were rescued by lifeboat

Sir CHARLES PEAKE DUELS WITH ANDREI VISHINSKY

A Battle of Words at the Danubian Conference

THE MAN WHO DECLARED "BRITAIN WILL NOT JUMP TO THE CRACK OF VISHINSKY'S WHIP": Sir Charles Peake, British Ambassador in Belgrade, who has been leading the British delegation at the ten-nation Danube Conference, about to show his identification card as he passed two Yugoslav naval officers at the entrance to the National University Building, Belgrade

ANDREI VISHINSKY AT THE DANUBE CONFERENCE: The Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister addressing the representatives of the ten nations who gathered in Belgrade. He introduced a draft convention to the Conference which completely excludes the Western Powers from the administration of the river. Sir Charles Peake declared that Mr. Vishinsky had gravely misrepresented the British view



STANOJE SIMICH WELCOMES THE DELEGATES OF THE TEN NATIONS: The Yugoslav Foreign Minister is seen standing at the head of the table with the massed flags behind him as he opened the first session of the momentous Danubian Conference

THE MAN WHO SOUGHT TO DOMINATE THE PROCEEDINGS: Andrei Vishinsky (left) making notes at one of the opening sessions. He was accompanied by a strong team of advisers, some of whom are seen seated behind him. Vishinsky tried to do away with existing rights on the Danube by submitting the Soviet Convention which gives rights to the riparian States alone. Since Bessarabia became Russian the Soviet claim to be among the riparian States

The Danubian Conference opened with a series of Anglo-Russian fireworks in which Andrei Vishinsky and Sir Charles Peake were the protagonists. Sir Charles stood up forcefully to the attacks of Vishinsky. "We will not be bullied," was the theme of his speech in response to the Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister's attempt to foist upon the Conference a new Convention, and he stood four-square by the 1921 Convention, which the Russians say should now be declared null and void. There were some heated passages between the two delegates. The British Ambassador said that Mr. Vishinsky had charged him with issuing an ultimatum, whereas he had made only a simple statement of international law. "Mr. Vishinsky mistook me for a prisoner in the dock, and himself for the prosecutor," said Sir Charles in a reference to the Soviet Minister's task at the Moscow trials. Vishinsky countered by saying that Sir Charles had dealt with a complicated problem in a primitive way. He had behaved like an elephant in a china shop

On left—**ANNA PAUKER ARRIVES:** Rumania's Foreign Minister presents her credentials at the Conference Hall

THE FRENCH DELEGATION: Its leader, M. Adrien Thierry, the French Ambassador to Yugoslavia, is seen seated (right, centre). The French reaction to Russian proposals for a new Convention was that the Soviet had no right at all to override the 1921 Convention

THE I. G. FARBEN DISASTER

The Great Chemical Plant at Ludwigshaven is Destroyed—A Death Roll of Over Two Hundred

The Farben plant at Ludwigshaven, the great industrial centre of the Bavarian Palatinate, has suffered three disasters of a similar kind in the last seventeen years, and the recent havoc is almost comparable in extent to that sustained in 1931. The second disaster was in 1943. In spite of heavy bombing during the war the plant had recovered about 90 per cent. of its pre-war production, and its production of dyes and heavy chemicals was doing much to restore shattered German economy. No official explanation has been found for the latest catastrophe, but one of the German managers is of the opinion that it all originated with a slight gas explosion caused by the heat-wave. Both the French and German authorities in Ludwigshaven strongly deny suggestions that high explosives were being produced at the plant. During the first hours American troops rendered splendid first-aid service in the devastated area.

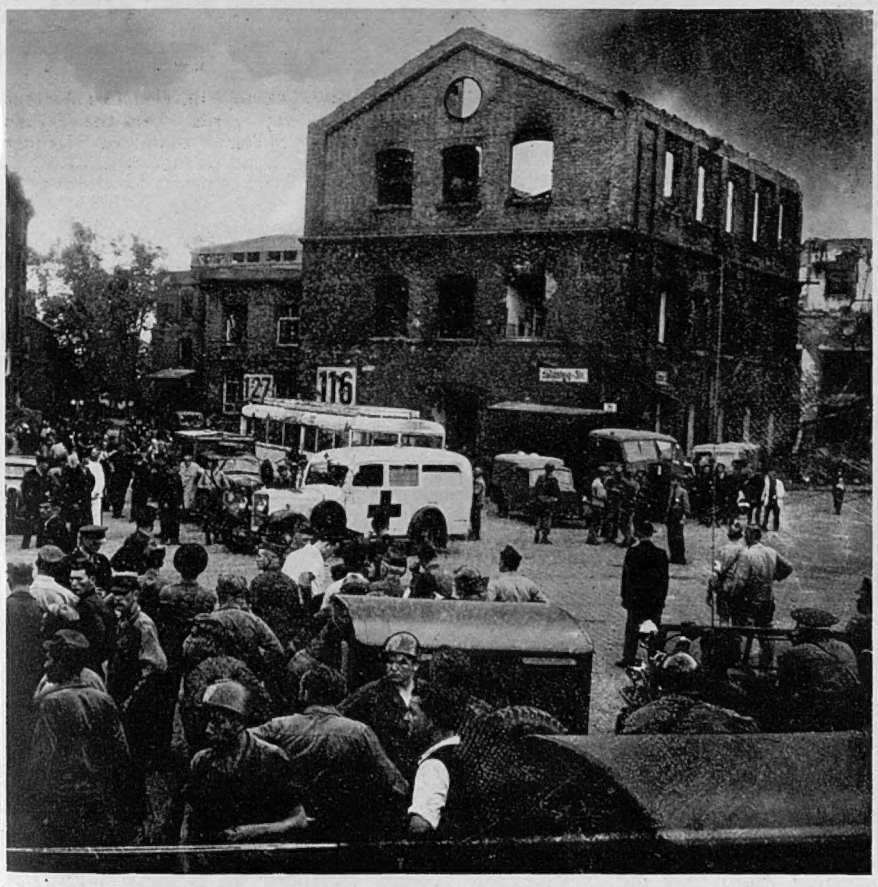
BRINGING OUT THE DEAD AFTER THE LUDWIGSHAVEN DISASTER : A coffin being carried from the wrecked chemical plant of I. G. Farben, following the catastrophe in which over 200 people lost their lives and over 1,000 were injured. An outbreak of fire in one of the workshops of the Badische Anilin Soda Fabrik, one of the most important of the Farben subsidiaries, which employs 22,000 workpeople, was followed by a series of devastating explosions. The works, which stretch for a great distance along the Rhine, are engaged in the production, among other things, of dyes and paints

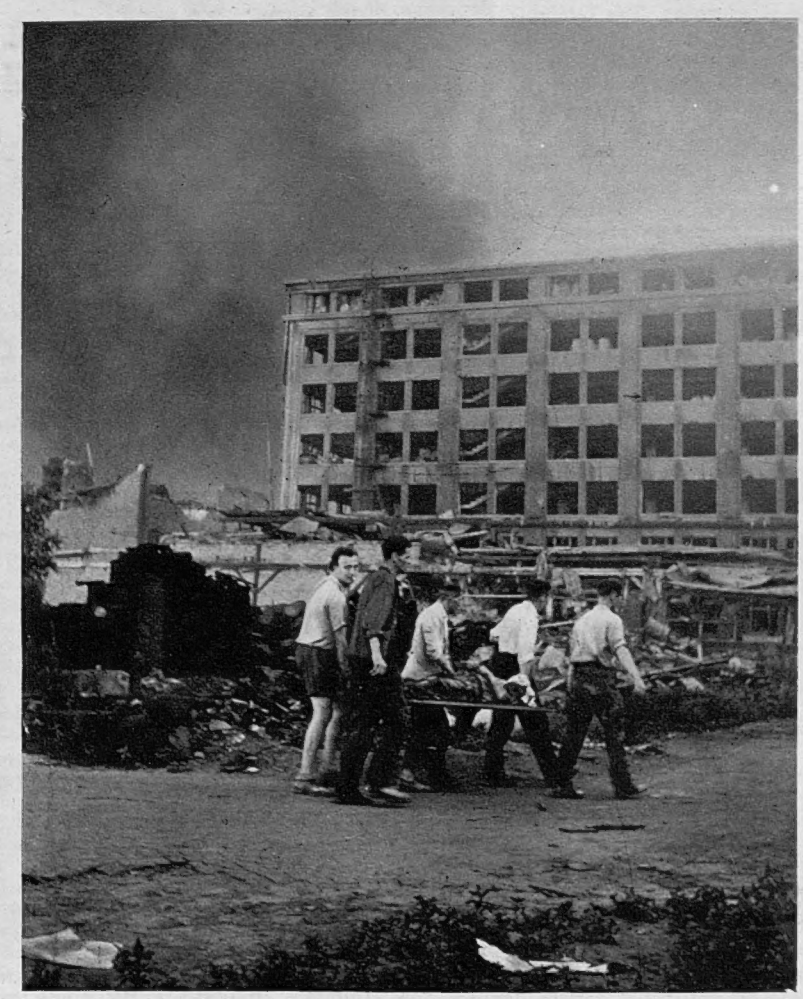
RAIL TANKERS THREATENED BY THE ADVANCE OF THE FLAMES : A scene of destruction in one of the railway yards near the Farben plant at Ludwigshaven. These tankers contained lacquer

A HEAVY MUSHROOM OF ACRID BLACK SMOKE HANGS LIKE A PALL OVER LUDWIGSHAVEN : This picture was taken on the morning after the catastrophe. While the fires raged they were fought with water drawn from the Rhine by miles of hose. The American authorities in Mannheim, on the opposite side of the river to Ludwigshaven, drafted troops into the area to help both with the fire-fighting and the general rescue work

GERMAN POLICE SEARCH FOR THE BODIES OF VICTIMS : At this point stood a six-storey factory building which was completely demolished by one of the explosions which shook the area

LOOKING DOWN ON THE DEVASTATED PLANT : An aerial view of the wreckage of the Badische Anilin Soda Fabrik, which lies 100 yards or so from the banks of the Rhine. Ludwigshaven is in the French Zone of Occupied Germany, but Mannheim, across the river, is in the American Zone. The immediate offer of American help from Mannheim did much to stop the spread of fires





AMBULANCES AND RESCUE SQUADS RUSH INTO THE DEVASTATED ZONE : *Left*—Red Cross vehicles drawn up outside a gutted building near the I. G. Farben plant. *Right*—One of the injured being carried from the scene of destruction. More than 1,000 people have been sent to hospitals in the area, many with severe cuts from flying glass received both inside and outside the plant. An American field kitchen, serving 1,500 meals at a time, did much to relieve want in the area

THE CHANGING BRITISH COMMONWEALTH

New Dominions Emerge and New Constitutions Arise

By FERDINAND TUOHY

AT its inception about two decades ago, it was said of the Statute of Westminster—by the principal architect, Mr. A. J. Balfour, I believe—that the new enactment or code represented a free association of peoples and depended on the flexibility read into it.

We are living witnesses of this pliancy at the present time, although the fact is apt to be dimmed, like everything else, by the trial of strength between Western Civilisation and Soviet Russia. Yet even such a world drama need not shroud the mutations and organic change which have charged the story of Commonwealth and Empire all this year.

It is indeed as flexible a period as any that Mr. Balfour could have foreseen, given all his wise vision. Two Dominions more or less at war with one another; a third inheriting from Britain her oldest self-governing possession; a fourth evidently treading the path of gradualness towards a Republic; a fifth entity declaring itself "a Republic in association with the British Commonwealth"; and, by way of counter-blast, new Dominions beginning to trace themselves on the horizon.

The metabolism is far from being confined to the larger fry. A form of demi-Dominion has materialised; new constitutions are handed out to colonies and protectorates, to be accepted or declined; mandatory powers are surrendered and the circumstance incites others, literally from China to Peru, to demand territories where the Union Jack flies. They even anticipate matters by squatting.

"*Partir c'est mourir un peu.*"

It is well enough to say that Newfoundland is still along with us, as part of Canada, yet who will deny that what was, after all, a departure, occasioned more than a twinge of regret? Newfoundland had been the baby, the first to toddle on its own. Yet it never truly found its feet, and that is why what has happened—happened. Previous attempts to facilitate its entry into the Canadian Confederation were made in 1864, 1869, 1889 and 1895, but first one side froze and then the other.

Newfoundland was unable to afford the luxury of responsible self-government. Presumably the switch to Canada was influenced by impoverished Britain's inability to continue to help financially on the heretofore scale. The referendum showed an eloquently slender majority for union: 77,814 for, 71,258 against. Yet the pundits aver that such union lay squarely in Newfoundland's destiny.

The new Province will cost the Canadian taxpayer about £3,750,000 a year, after deducting expected taxes and other revenues from Newfoundland. The chief advantage to Canada is in the sphere of strategic defence.

The new situation in South Africa has developed further along the line taken by Dr. Malan as a result of the elections to the Senate. The Premier now ties with the Opposition in the Upper House and has a majority of five in the Lower. The rule being that, in case of deadlock, both Houses vote as one body, the way is clear for him to carry out his election programme if he so wishes.

What will this mean? We may well ask. Malan's Afrikanders do not change overnight and they are hot Republicans so far as connection with any other sovereign land is concerned. Quite a number, like the Ox-wagon Brotherhood, pursue thoughts latterly suppressed in Germany, and the new Government is the reverse of critical, no doubt holding that circumstances alter cases. Be that as it may, Dr. Malan's Cabinet has embarked on a policy of disconnecting from Britain.

While wishing to remain on friendly terms and to increase economic relations, the new regime lost little time in snapping the military link with Britain; it went its own way in foreign affairs by recognising Israel; and the privileges accorded British immigrants are doomed. Where does this kind of thing point? Where else than to the same loose association with the Commonwealth that Dublin has evolved? To which one may add: Exactly how much does it matter? That is the question awaiting an answer.

From the Liffey comes a variation of an old wind. This time Premier Costello suggests something going on behind the scenes when he talks of the possibility of Irish Union. It puts me in mind of Waltzing De Valera. Dev's been a-waltzing in the far parts of the world, to Canberra and Delhi, right across from New York to San Francisco, in the Middle East. Could it be that he used his out-of-office time to canvass mortals capable of powerfully influencing Britain in the matter of ending Partition?

A metamorphosis that Mr. Balfour could hardly have expected has come to pass in the Indian sub-Continent, where a brand-new chapter in Commonwealth history opened with the announcement that "The Pakistan Army is officially admitted to be fighting against the Indian Army in Kashmir." For the first time the armies of two Dominions have fought against each other, and, as if to ram home the contradiction, British commanders-in-chief and British staff officers and advisers are ranged on opposing sides! This is emphatically overdoing the flexibility, and no wonder it is felt that a first-class problem has been set the whole British Commonwealth. Who intervenes? The self-governing Dominions? The Security Council? After all, the argument that Hindus and Muslims at war menaces world peace is valid enough. Moreover, there is the case of Hyderabad, which has referred its dispute with the Indian Union to the United Nations.

No constitutional issue emerges with Mr. Duplessis' crushing victory at the Quebec polls (*Union Nationale* 82 seats out of 92). Yet it would be faulty to assume that this phenomenon is without bearing on inter-Commonwealth policies.

The Premier is very French-thinking—in point of fact, Gaullist-thinking. He fought Ottawa on the ground that its policy of decentralisation rode over provincial rights and would "make Quebec a reservation." The disciplined young ranks of the Duplessis Party would be further heard from did their External Affairs Minister, Mr. St. Laurent, turn out to be Mr. Mackenzie King's successor, as confidently predicted.

The very spirit of change emanates from Canada's preparations to prevent Western Union from being still-born, and something similar can be said of Australia's material backing of Mr. Malcolm MacDonald's relaunched Malaya.

The Commonwealth has grown by two-and-a-half members inside a twelvemonth, the half being Ceylon, pioneer of the new demi-Dominions from which total independence is withheld ostensibly until they are passed as capable of exercising it, in reality also for reasons of Empire defence. Malta is a second to accept the demi status—under protest. Cyprus declines. In Gibraltar's case it has been decided that the Crown Colony would be over-governed if any fresh political powers were given the Gibraltarians.

This certainly is a time for new constitutions. Sierra Leone has just got one, while it is not intended to wait any longer on Egypt before giving the Sudan one as well. Egypt does not cease its curious, because unremunerative, practice of making demands right, left and centre. Besides the Sudan, Egypt wants one foot or both feet in Libya, Eritrea and Somaliland, each under British military administration.

Here we come up with attempted inroads where the Union Jack flies "from China to Peru."

The Chinese are waging a bitter campaign for Hongkong, successor to down-at-heel Shanghai and one of the few bright spots in the Far East; and Argentinians and Chilians (so near to Peru) claim everything between their countries and the South Pole.

"The age of nations is being replaced by the age of continents" is the precept, and schoolchildren are taught what "an Antarctic conscience" is.

"It means that we must think that the British are trying to steal our islands."

Argentina's and Chile's case is complicated by the fact that Britain has occupied a spattering of islands all the way from the Falklands to the Antarctic Continent, including the tip of the Continent itself. This was undertaken precisely from thinking in the age of continents. It was a war measure to hold open a third route to Australasia in the event of both the Mediterranean and the Indian Ocean being cut.

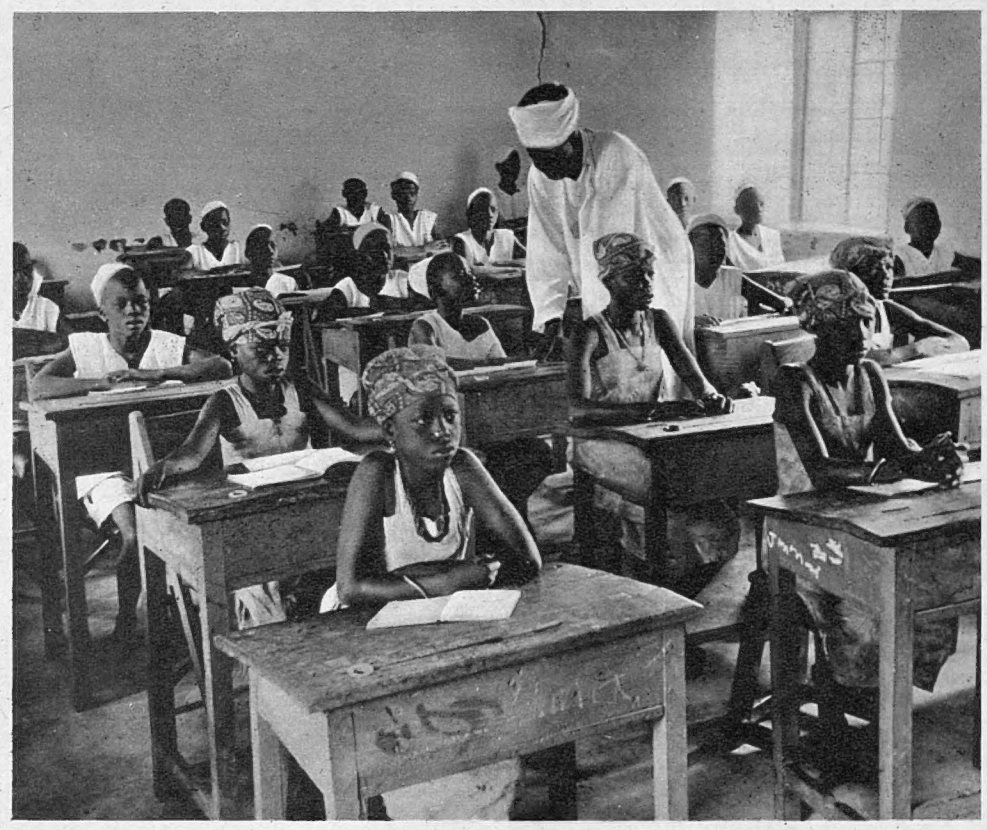
Finally, delegates are in Britain to discuss a new constitution for Northern Rhodesia, and their presence illumines a grandiose conception — the federation of that colony with self-governing Southern Rhodesia and Nyasaland in a Dominion of United Rhodesia. Southern Rhodesia is in favour, and the powerfully-backed United Central African Association would add Tanganyika, Kenya and Uganda, thereby forging a new Dominion with a population of nearly 19,000,000 against South Africa's 11,000,000.

It would be a Dominion rich in natural resources, poor in communications and industrialisation. There would be great obstacles in the way. Racial antagonisms and inter-territorial suspicions aside, the countries concerned comprise colonies, mandatory territory, protectorates and self-governing Southern Rhodesia. Nevertheless, the South African transformation, the withdrawal from India and Burma, and the chaotic question-mark in the Middle East, are hastening the arrival of some form of Central African Union.

Sober administrators, not pure visionaries, see a future Dominion there, and a second in the Caribbean. Neither is at all likely to take on body and substance inside a decade at the earliest, but the fact of their casting their shadows before, places them in this appraisement of change.

The trouble about federalising the British West Indies and the mainland colonies of British Honduras and British Guiana is that they are so far apart and have hardly any geographical unity. The position is that the coloured populations of all save the Bahamas have agreed to federation, and that the white masters think making haste slowly to be the better plan.

In the meantime, Jamaica, whose priceless Bustamente recently garlanded us, is away ahead in self-government, with Trinidad trailing, owing in part to such visitations as the self-styled "Chief Servant of God," Uriah Butler.



THE YOUTH OF TO-DAY FROM WHOM WILL COME NIGERIA'S ADMINISTRATORS OF TO-MORROW: The Remove Class at Bauchi Middle School, an example of a school maintained by the Native Administration of a Province. As a Middle School it is roughly equivalent to an English Secondary School. It is for boarders, the 139 boys and girls coming from all parts of the Province of Bauchi. The school takes children from eleven to seventeen years old. Every year pupils in the Elementary Schools Class IV sit for the Middle School Entrance Examination, and if successful pass to the Remove Class, which is the lowest in the Middle School. Progress from the Remove to Middle Class IV takes five years. In the Remove emphasis is on the English language. There are classes in English, Geography, History, Science, Mathematics and Arabic, and also in such crafts as carpentry, smithing and weaving. The teaching staff from the headmaster down is native. As one of the aims is to produce sound farmers the school runs a Home Farm, where each pupil has a small plot of land, on which, subject to supervision, they can grow what they like. Hockey and football are the most popular games. In their last year the boys take the Middle IV Certificate Examination. They are then eligible for good posts, such as clerk or sanitary inspector, under the Native Administrations or the Central Government, or they may go on to training institutions for higher technical or professional education

A VISIT TO WESTMINSTER—THE ROYAL NAVY'S FIRST GAS TURBINE VESSEL, THE M.G.B. 2009, ARRIVING FOR HER INSPECTION BY M.P.s : This visit of the M.G.B. is a continuance of the second trials run by her last month in the Solent. Since the first trials, carried out last year, she has been fitted with a more powerful and durable form of the Gatric unit. The rebuilt unit includes a new design of compressor turbine

THE GATRIC COMES TO TOWN

The First Craft in the Royal Navy with a Gas Turbine Engine Visits the "Port" of Westminster

The Gatric unit of M.G.B. 2009 distinguishes her from all other naval craft; she is the first gas turbine to go to sea. After her full-power trials last month the M.G.B. came to London and was inspected by Members of Parliament. Following the first trial last year, the Gatric unit was rebuilt after being run for 55 hours. The new unit is scheduled to run from about 300 to 400 hours, and will develop and maintain greater power than was previously possible. Only a part of the engine is of the type used in jet aircraft power units.

THE M.G.B. IN THE THAMES : Originally she was powered by three petrol engines. For the present experiments, the centre engine has been replaced by the gas turbine unit, which drives a propeller through shaft and gearing of a conventional design, an arrangement considered superior to jet propulsion for marine purposes. The vessel has a displacement of 100 tons and has exceeded a speed of 34 knots

ALONGSIDE SPEAKER'S STEPS : Colonel Clifton-Brown, the Speaker of the House of Commons (in knee breeches), on board the M.G.B. Other M.P.s were also invited aboard, and the First Lord of the Admiralty was taken for a trip on the river before the M.G.B. was moored alongside the *President*

FROM GERMANY'S TWO CAPITALS

News from Frankfurt and Beleaguered Berlin

STREET TRADERS ARE ACTIVE IN FRANKFURT : A newspaper stall set up in one of the public squares of the city to take advantage of the increased trade expected as a result of the recent currency reforms. This trade has not materialised quite in the manner expected, and purchasers, after the first flush of buying, are now tending to hold off, as witness the young man on the left, who prefers to do his reading free. The people of Frankfurt rather take the view that the shopkeepers have for too long had the whip hand

NO "BLUMEN" DEMAND—THE LITTLE FLOWER-SHOPS OF FRANKFURT ARE WELL STOCKED, BUT THE CUSTOMER TENDS TO PASS THEM BY : Prices for flowers have dropped quite markedly since the currency reform, but customers are few and far between. This sales resistance is considered as a good augury for the future

THIRD TIME LUCKY : Three pillars of smoke mushrooming above Berlin's Tiergarten as the last of the flak-towers was brought low. Two square miles around the tower were evacuated by the police before it was considered safe to explode the charges

THE LAST OF BERLIN'S MASSIVE FLAK-TOWERS CRUMBLES TO THE GROUND : The scene in the Tiergarten a few moments after the six-storey edifice had collapsed following the discharge of 35 tons of high-explosive. This was the third attempt to bring the flak-tower down, and, thanks to the skill with which the Royal Engineers worked, very little damage was done to surrounding property. Twice last year attempts were made to blow up the tower, but they were only partially successful. After the explosion a heavy layer of powdered concrete settled on vegetables and flowers growing in the Tiergarten allotments. During the war these towers not only accommodated batteries of 88-mm. anti-aircraft guns, but numbers of Berliners sheltered there during raids

THANKS FOR THE AIR LIFT : Mrs. Lucius D. Clay (left), wife of the American Military Governor in Berlin, greeting Annedore Leber, a speaker of the Social Democratic Party, at a gathering outside the Schoenberg Rathaus, in the United States sector of the city, where 500 women came to pay tribute to the pilots of the Western air forces who are supporting Berlin's fight for freedom, and particularly the two Americans who were killed when their aircraft crashed recently just before landing at Tempelhof Airport

THE ISRAELI ARMY DISPLAYS ITS ARMED MIGHT ON STATE DAY IN TEL AVIV: The flag party leads the parade down Allenby Road. Units of the Army, Navy and Air Force took part in the celebrations to commemorate the forty-fourth anniversary of the death of Theodore Herzel, founder of modern Zionism. A large crowd gathered to see the first big parade of Israel's forces, which included military armoured units. The parade ended at the municipal stadium, where the Prime Minister, Mr. David Ben-Gurion, spoke of the death of Herzel and the birth of the Jewish State in Palestine. Some 50,000 gathered to watch the parade, and streets, balconies and roofs along the route were packed with cheering and enthusiastic spectators

TEL AVIV DURING THE TRUCE

The Celebration of State Day: A Military Cemetery Outside the Town

A JEWISH MOTHER LIES GRIEF-STRICKEN ON THE GRAVE OF HER SON: Both sides took advantage of the cease-fire to bury their dead. In this cemetery, outside Tel Aviv, lie Jews killed during the fighting at Lydda, Ramale and Nazareth. Military honours were paid to the dead, troops attending memorial services in full battle-order. Relatives and friends of the fallen gather daily to pay tribute to the men and women who have died for the State of Israel

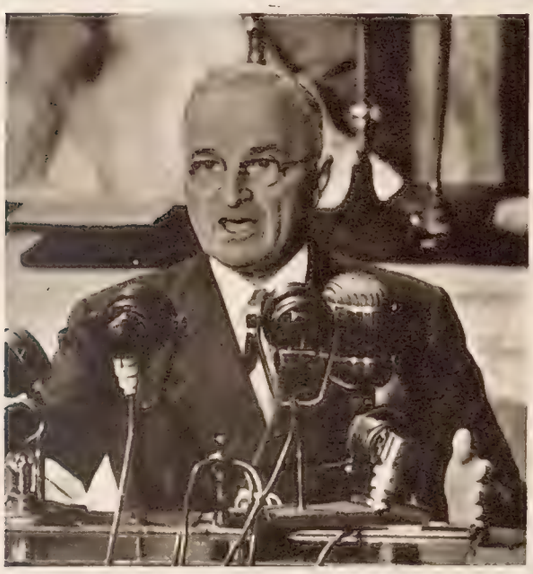
SUPERFORTRESSES COME OUT OF COLD STORAGE : At Davis-Monthan Field, strategic command base at Tucson, Arizona, the giant bombers are being prepared for possible action by squads of United States Air Force men brought in to undo the work of pickling and cocooning. According to the United States Air Force, cocooning and pickling represent two different stages of storage, the former being more permanent than the latter. The cocooned bombers have been wrapped against the weather in five coats of plastic. Even pickled bombers which have been temporarily processed cannot be released for service in under 1,800 man-hours (just about a week with a full ground squad in action)

A World News Survey

MR. TRUMAN ADDRESSES CONGRESS

And the Superforts Come Out of Cold Storage

WASHING DIRT AND GRIME FROM A PICKLED SUPERFORTRESS : A Negro workman using a high-pressure hose to cleanse the machine of coatings of dirt which have gathered on its surfaces since it was put away in cold storage at Davis-Monthan Field, Tucson, Arizona



MR. TRUMAN ADDRESSES A SPECIAL JOINT SESSION OF THE UNITED STATES CONGRESS : The President delivering his message, in which he asked for legislation to check inflation and the rising cost of living. The most urgent task after that, he said, was the relief of the acute housing shortage. Despite the unpopularity of his recall of Congress, Mr. Truman was greeted with enthusiasm by the Democrats and with respectful applause by the Republicans

A CROWD FILLS THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES IN THE CAPITOL, WASHINGTON, TO HEAR PRESIDENT TRUMAN'S ADDRESS : This calling of a special session in the midst of Election year and at a time when most Congressmen and Representatives take their holidays, has been far from popular

THE CITY OF HIROSHIMA THREE YEARS AFTER THE ATOM BOMB WHICH BROUGHT THE EASTERN EMPIRE OF JAPAN TO ITS KNEES : A general view of the business section looking south-east from the top of the Fukuyu Department Store, the tallest building in the city. Approximately 50,000 of the 67,000 destroyed or damaged homes and buildings have been rebuilt in Hiroshima. Some of the new buildings are, of course, very makeshift, but no day passes without something being achieved. Major Jarvie, an Australian, is acting as Allied Planning Adviser, and he is working with Yuichi Kajiyama, Hiroshima's construction chief. Hiroshima was once celebrated for temples and shrines. Its commercial importance lay in its production of lacquered ware and bronze goods

SIGNING THE ANGLO-EIREANN TRADE AGREEMENT : Mr. Attlee (on his way to County Mayo, where he is spending his annual holiday) is seen putting his signature to the agreement at Iveagh House, Dublin. On Mr. Attlee's right hand is Mr. John Costello, the Premier of Eire, who signed on behalf of his own Government. Standing between them is Mr. Sean MacBride, Eire's Minister for External Affairs. Mr. N. Pritchard, principal secretary to the British representative in Eire, is standing beside Mr. Attlee. In the background on the right is Mr. William Norton, Deputy Prime Minister of Eire

A VERBAL BATTLE IN THE HUNGARIAN PEOPLE'S COURT: Father Odon Lenard (right), Secretary of the Catholic Action Party in Hungary, being confronted by a State witness during his trial with other priests on a charge of incitement after fighting the Government's decree to nationalise the church schools in Hungary

HUNGARIAN CATHOLIC PRIESTS RECEIVE SENTENCE: Father Nemeth (left), who will go to prison for ten months, and Fathers Palesso and Varsanyi, seated with their armed guard in the Hungarian People's Court at Budapest, where they were tried for "incitement." It appears that they had taken an active part in fighting the Bill presented to the Hungarian Parliament by the Minister of Education, Gyula Ortutay, for the nationalisation of church schools. The control of 4,813 schools, more than half the schools in the country, was at stake. Of recent weeks Hungary has been the scene of numerous purges, and only lately the Ministry of Agriculture has arrested sixty-two men on charges of sabotage and espionage. Fifty-five of them are important officials of the Agricultural Ministry, and it is clearly stated that they are not leading members of any political party

A SENSATION IN THE PARIS UNDERWORLD—THE ARREST OF PIERROT LE FOU: France's Public Enemy No. 1 is seen (*left*) after being taken into custody in a Paris apartment, where he was found hiding with a woman, Catherine Reynero (*right*), better known as Katia, and alleged to be his mistress. In arresting "Mad Peter," who usually goes about heavily armed, squads of police surrounded the apartment in the Rue Charlot and made a concerted and surprise attack on the premises

IT HAPPENED IN SOUTH DAKOTA: This extraordinary accident took place when a car driven by a retired Dakota rancher went out of control near Rapid City. It somersaulted and landed in an upright position with its rear wheels straddling the top of a car which had pulled to the side of the road. The seventy-six-year-old driver, Elmer Pomeroy, was killed instantly. The occupants of the other car were unhurt

NOTHING STOPS THE PROGRESS OF THE GATOW AIR-LIFT: This Dakota, carrying a load of coal from Wunstorf, Western Germany, to Berlin, swerved off the runway and came to rest with a buckled landing-wheel. Within a matter of minutes a 3-ton lorry had backed up to the fuselage and was unloading the precious cargo, while a breakdown gang stood by to take the plane off to the repair sheds. Repair arrangements at Gatow are upon an elaborate scale, and the turn-round of aircraft is spectacular

THE FIRST PRISONERS OF WAR TRAVELLING BY AIR ALL THE WAY HOME TO GERMANY ARRIVE AT TEMPELHOF AIRFIELD, BERLIN: They had come from Africa and Europe. The unusual thing about their arrival was the fact that they had paid for the trip themselves out of savings, and they were received at the airport by a great crowd of German photographers, radio and news reporters, and members of the general public, as if they were V.I.P.s. These three men were heavily loaded with gifts for their relatives

THE UNITED STATES FLAGSHIP "FARGO" PUTS INTO GRAND HARBOUR: The 10,000-ton light cruiser, wearing the flag of Vice-Admiral Forrest P. Sherman, commanding the Sixth Task Force, seen at her berth in Valetta after her arrival in company with the "Huntington," a sister-ship, and the "Juneau," a light cruiser of the 6,000-ton San Diego class. The Sixth United States Task Force has lately been exercising off Malta. In the background on the left is the floating dock

MALTA AT WORK AND PLAY

Units of the Sixth U.S. Task Force Put In to Grand Harbour — The Water Polo Festival

MALTA'S ANNUAL BOAT RACE RESULTS IN A SURPRISE WIN: The four boats competing for the Malta Command Officers' Boat Race, in which a combined crew of the Royal Artillery and the Royal Engineers (farthest from camera) beat the 2nd Anti-Aircraft Regiment, Royal Malta Artillery (nearest camera). In the lead are the previous holders, 1st Coast Regiment, Royal Malta Artillery, and last are No. 3 Commando Brigade. The winners scored by two lengths in the time of 6 mins. 34 secs. This victory by a team from Britain broke the run of successes scored by the Maltese regiments who, with the exception of 1937, have provided the winner every year for the past twenty-one years. The race was rowed in very calm water and with little or no breeze

THE BRITISH TANKER "WAVEMASTER" IS ASSISTED carrying a weighty cargo of oil, arriving ments of British and United States warships service between the oilfields of the Middle from Abadan the "Wavemaster" lightened

THE WATER POLO FESTIVAL ON THE FEAST OF OUR LADY OF MOUNT CARMEL : Crowds line the quayside to watch the match between teams representing Gzira and St. Julians. Water polo has for long been a popular sport among the islanders, and at this annual festival it inevitably attracts a host of spectators. *On right*—A gathering round the boat in which greasy-pole experts demonstrated their prowess

INTO GRAND HARBOUR BY A TUG : The "Wavemaster," from Abadan in the Persian Gulf. The heavy commitin the Mediterranean necessitate a high-speed tanker East and the island fortress. During her journey her load somewhat by refuelling two vessels at sea

THE OLYMPIC YACHTS COMPETE AT TORBAY

An Immense Muster of Craft of Many Nations

BALLOONING SAILS IN A STEADY WESTERLY WIND: A dramatic action picture from Torbay, where the Olympic yacht-racing has provided yachtsmen with first-class sport and holiday-makers with excellent entertainment. Britain did not distinguish herself, although making a good start in the Swallow class

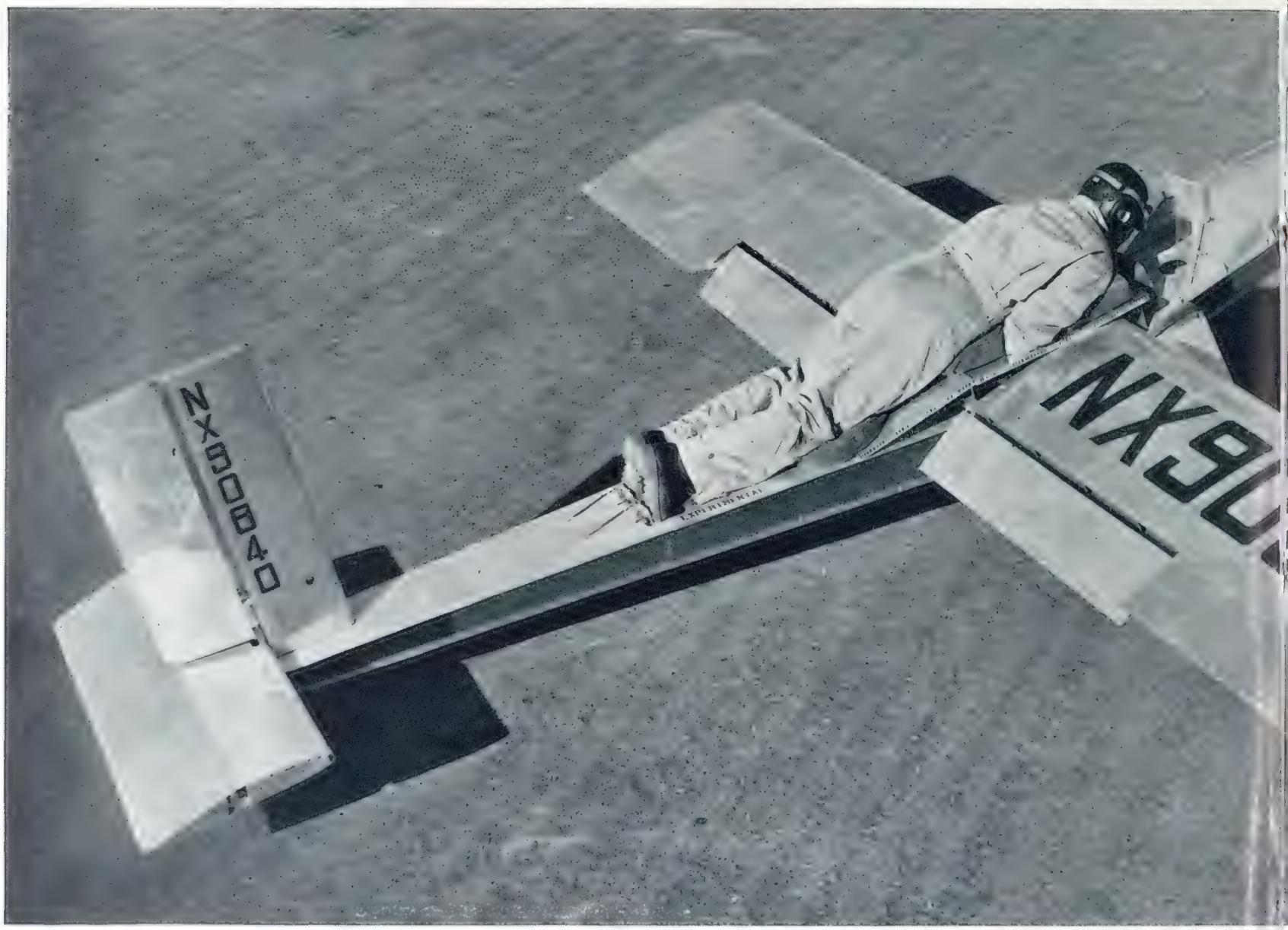
CAPTAIN EYSTON AT THE HELM OF "CIRCE": The celebrated racing driver competing in the International Six Metre class. The Captain has always been a keen yachtsman, but he says he sometimes longs for the old thrill of opening the throttle to race past his opponents

"LOTTA IV" WAS IN TROUBLE: The Swedish boat, with B. E. Melin at the helm, seen after she had collided with a committee-boat boom and had foreshortened her mast. "Lotta" was a distinguished performer in the Star Class

THE FRENCH YACHT "LA BANDERA" WITH HER SPINNAKER BILLOWING IN THE BREEZE: "La Bandera" made a poor start in the International Six Metre class; and in one of the opening races was last. France received compensation by a brilliant performance in the Firefly class on the part of J. J. M. Herbulot. The French Dragons were less successful

SIX-METRE BOATS STREAMING ACROSS TORBAY AND IN THE BACKGROUND THE BRITISH WARSHIPS "ANSON," "KING GEORGE V" AND "VICTORIOUS": This aerial view of Torbay shows the magnificent setting chosen for the yachting Olympiad. When the Crown Prince of Norway, one of the keenest of yachtsmen, arrived at Torbay the warships of the training squadron, the two battleships and the aircraft carrier, fired a royal salute. Their presence in Torbay, dressed overall, added to the impressive scene. In the five racing classes there were seventy-five competitors, representing twenty-three countries

YACHTS OF THE SWALLOW CLASS ROUND A MARKER BUOY: The Swallow class, like the Firefly, has been brought into being since the close of the war. In the 1936 Olympiad twenty-six nations competed in the yachting events—three more than this year—and the classes then included the Olympic Monotype, which was sailed single-handed. This is the ninth occasion upon which yachtsmen of the world have competed in the Olympic Games of the modern series



BILL CHANA, STRETCHED FULL-LENGTH ALONG THE FUSELAGE OF THE WEEBEE, DEMONSTRATES THE PILOT'S FLYING POSITION: Chana and two associates, all aircraft technicians, built the plane in their spare time in a garage, and they claim that it is the smallest aircraft in the world, having a wing span of only 15 ft., a length of 13 ft., and a weight of 150 lb. The builders hail from El Cajon, California. Most of their materials consist of Army and Air Force surplus stores

A GIANT WIND-TUNNEL FOR AERONAUTICAL RESEARCH AT MOFFETT FIELD, CALIFORNIA: This is only one of the wind-tunnels at the Ames Laboratory of the National Advisory Committee for Aeronautics. It is situated in a closely-guarded area containing research departments, whose experiments may affect the whole future of aviation. Strict secrecy is maintained, but 800 of the United States' top civil and military aviation experts were permitted to inspect the laboratory a short time ago. An idea of the size of the wind-tunnel can be obtained by comparing it with the cars parked in front

MAN WITH WINGS

A New Experiment in Prone Flight, and Other Aviation Matters

American aviation experts are at the moment making elaborate experiments in prone piloting, as witness a recent picture in THE SPHERE, showing the Northrop XP 79 flying wing with the pilot lying in a pressurised cockpit between the two jet engines. On a much smaller scale, but with the same ideas in view, three young men from El Cajon California, have built their midget plane, the Weebee, which is now awaiting a 42-in. replacement for its 36-in. propeller before making its first test flight. Held to the fuselage by special harness, the pilot reaches the controls within the plane, by means of two armholes. The builders expect the Weebee to reach a speed of 90 m.p.h. and to cruise at 80 m.p.h. They built it for private experimental purposes, and think such planes may have a commercial or military use. The men, all employed by an aircraft company, and all licensed pilots, spent six months of spare time on the plane. War surplus materials kept the cost down to 200 dollars. The builders are: Kenneth Coward, twenty-seven, the designer; Karl H. Montijo, twenty-three; and William F. Chana, twenty-seven all of San Diego, California. Jim Wilder, Western Technical Representative of a motor company, joined the group to select and install the motor

THE MAN WITH WINGS—A HEAD-ON VIEW OF THE MIDGET WEEBEE PLANE OF EL CAJON, CALIFORNIA: William Chana, one of the three builders, demonstrating the prone position adopted in his novel aircraft. The pilot is strapped on with special harness. By using war surplus materials the three experts were able to complete the machine for an outlay of 200 dollars. It took them six months. The machine is not meant to be a practical proposition for the private flyer, and is largely experimental

MAKING WAY FOR THE WAY TO IDLEWILD—A THREE-WING FIVE-STOREY APARTMENT HOUSE ON THE MOVE NEAR VAN WICJK BOULEVARD, NEW YORK: The move was made complete with the full quota of tenants, who went about their business as usual, as the building of brick and masonry proceeded to a new site on blocks and rollers. Flexible waterlines and emergency power cables kept services in action

The moving of a five-storey apartment house, in order to make room for a highway leading up to New York's International Airport, gives some idea of the elaborate nature of the plans for the construction at Idlewild. At the opening of the airport, in the presence of President Truman at the end of last month, some 900 military and naval aircraft gave a display in which jet fighters provided much of the entertainment for those who had gathered for the ceremony Representatives of the Royal Air Force and the Royal Navy were present, and aircraft of the two Services took part in the display. The new airport covers 5,000 acres, and the final cost is expected to be about £50,000,000

THE HOME NEWS IN PICTURES

ENGLAND'S SUMMER GAME IN THE GARDEN OF ENGLAND: Kent batting during the match against Hampshire during Canterbury Cricket Week, which celebrated its centenary year. The match took place in glorious weather

On left—The centenary of the Canterbury Cricket Week is almost as much a landmark in the game as the Grace centenary, and it produced just the kind of cricket in just the kind of weather that the occasion demanded. The match against Hampshire was made a benefit for Leslie Ames, that brilliant England and Kent wicket-keeper. During the same week Canterbury commemorated 500 years of the city's Charter from Henry VI and there was a special service at the Cathedral, followed by a civic luncheon in which the cricketers shared with the civic notabilities

"WILL IT OR WON'T IT GO TO THE NATIONAL TRUST?": Fairford Park, Gloucestershire, which was bought in 1945 by Mr. E. C. Cook, a former partner in the firm of travel agents, for the specific purpose of presenting it to the nation. The park, however, is still used as a camp for Polish Displaced Persons, and until the property is released Mr. Cook's gift cannot be made

THE SAUCHIE BURN CREATES HAVOC AFTER A SUMMER STORM: A cloud-burst in Perthshire made the burn rise 15 ft. above the normal level and at Moneydie it caused this road bridge to crumble and collapse, leaving a yawning gap of 25 ft. Two youths, standing on the bridge at the time of the collapse, had a narrow escape, just jumping clear. They were marooned by the floodwaters, and had to be rescued by the Perth Fire Brigade

THE WELSH NATIONAL EISTEDDFOD—THE START OF THE GREAT ANNUAL CONTEST OF SONG AND POETRY AT BRIDGEND, GLAMORGANSHIRE: *Left*—The presentation of the Horn of Plenty to the Archdruid. *Right*—The unsheathing of the sword on the Logan Stone. Despite a deluge of rain on the opening day, the inaugural ceremonies proceeded according to plan, culminating in the crowning of the bard with full ritual. The first competitors to be judged produced rather poor results, but there were hopes of a high standard in some of the major contests. A particularly outstanding event was the performance of a youth orchestra recruited from players up to the age of eighteen from all parts of the Principality. They were so good, indeed, that it raised hopes, said one eyewitness, of dispelling that indifference in Wales to any but vocal music. The inaugural concert included a performance of German's "Welsh Rhapsody"

BECALMED OFF BEACHY HEAD—THE FINNISH SAILING BARQUE "VIKING," INWARD BOUND FROM AUSTRALIA, SEEN FROM THE AIR AS SHE STOOD OFF THE SOUTH COAST: The "Viking," carrying a cargo of 51,000 bags of grain, arrived off Gravesend last week, and thereafter came up the Thames to dock. This barque of 2,670 tons, built in Copenhagen in 1907, is one of the four surviving sailing-ships which used to take part in the grain race from Australia. In April "Viking" took on cargo at Spencer Gulf, South Australia, where she met up with her equally celebrated rivals "Lawhill" and "Passat."

THE COWDRAY POLO TOURNAMENT: Colonel Phipps Hornby (left) racing down the boards with an opponent in close attendance during one of the matches at Midhurst. Polo has not survived the war years as well as some sports, but the Cowdray Tournament, played in ideal surroundings in the countryside, evidences the vitality of the sport

PERSONALITIES AT THE COWDRAY TOURNAMENT: Colonel Dollay (left), whose team "Mixed Grill" defeated "Ham," with Colonel and the Hon. Mrs. Lakin on the lawns at the polo tournament. The Hon. Mrs. Lakin is a sister of Lord Cowdray

RIPARIAN INDUSTRY: Mr. L. Roberts, who has made baskets on the banks of the Severn near Apperley for forty years past, at work with an assistant. They make domestic baskets, but the main demand is for coal and fruit containers. The Severn basketmakers use the local riverside reeds

THIS GIPSY CARAVAN HAS BEEN PRESENTED TO THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL BY MR. AND MRS. COURTENAY MASON, OF HAMPSTEAD, FOR PERMANENT DISPLAY AT KEN WOOD: The caravan, originally owned by the Bucklands of Buckinghamshire, a well-known travelling show business family, was one of the features of Hampstead Heath Fair. Built about 1905 by the once-famous firm of Dunton, of Reading, it has hand carvings both inside and out. This excellent example of English craftsmanship will shortly be on display to the public

HOW TO FIGHT THE DREADED BLACK FLY: Wearing respirators, workers cover part of the sugar-beet crop in an Essex field prior to the crop being fumigated. To combat the black fly a nicotine gas mixture is used by the Pest Control, and a large measure of success has been obtained

THE GAMES, A FILLIP FOR TELEVISION

A Brilliant Record of the XIVth Olympiad

By CHARLES GRAVES

THE Olympic Games, which stage their final ceremony to-day, have unquestionably given a tremendous stimulus to television. New cameras and other new technical equipment have made the "pictures" wonderfully clear. It is only a pity that the whole time from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. was not devoted to the Games. It must be admitted, though, that many people, including myself, would have done much less work if this had been the case. For television is unquestionably a great time-waster. As it was, sitting comfortably in my arm-chair, I watched one world record after another being broken, and aided by the commentary, was able to understand and even see a great deal more than I would have done if I had been at Wembley myself.

I did, however, go down to see the events in the flesh. The first impression was that television at the moment loses a very great deal by only being able to present a black-and-white picture. For, wet or fine, the sports arena was definitely a very colourful scene, with competitors in dark blue or scarlet track suits, officials in pillar-box red jackets and white flannels, other competitors in green track suits, not to mention all the flags of the fifty or sixty countries taking part. In the swimming-pool, the pale-blue tiles showing through the transparent water gave a pleasing aquamarine effect which the television cameras could not reproduce. Here, too, were the gaudy flags of all the countries represented. Yes, it was certainly worth visiting Wembley in person. The new Olympic Way leading up to the Stadium is most impressive; though one feels that if it had been in Paris there would have been many more kiosks, and in much brighter colours.

The train from Baker Street was by no means crowded in the morning, and the spectators before lunch were astonishingly few, though by the afternoon most seats were taken. But over 2,500 newspaper men, radio commentators and Press photographers made the Press Centre in the Civic Hall a very busy place, with loudspeaker messages every minute saying that some sports writer was wanted on the telephone by his office in Prague, Stockholm, Rome, Zurich, or some other foreign city. Some of them complained on the opening day that facilities were not adequate. Goodness knows what they had expected. The Poles were particularly difficult. But, on the whole, the pessimists who prophesied that the Olympic Games would be as usual marred by international incidents and scenes were completely confounded, at least for the first half of the proceedings. True, the Irish made a half-hearted attempt to be difficult because (a) the men of the Twenty-six Counties were put in the category of Eire instead of Ireland, and (b) four of their competitors were disqualified. In the fencing, too, the Argentinians walked out of the hall at the start of their contest with Belgium, and there were some pretty exciting scenes when Uruguay met Hungary. I can well believe, moreover, that the telephone lines to Budapest tingled with the observations of Hungarian reporters describing the finals of the 800-metre relay swimming race, which was won by the American team largely as a result of the enterprise of a Mr. Bill McLade. . . . But, generally speaking, there was little or no sign of undue nationalism. Indeed, the Americans seemed to be almost apologetic for having won seven out of the first seventeen events. And time and again the runner-up congratulated the winner.

To revert to fencing, I have seldom enjoyed myself more than during the half-hour that I watched the foils, as it is technically called. It seemed to the layman that it was all rather like a game of cricket, where the whole fielding side yells "How's that" if there is any sign or a catch at the wicket or a l.b.w. The only difference was that it was the contestants themselves who uttered loud yells to the public in general, and the judges in particular, when they thought they had scored a hit. Sometimes both the opponents would shout "*Et la*" simultaneously. On other occasions they would call out what sounded like "Bah," but which was actually "*Au bas*" or "*Au bras*." But I was assured by a keen student sitting beside me that on at least three occasions some sportsman, if obviously hit, had called out "*Touché*." My informant went on to say that the whole affair was conducted in a most gentlemanly and restrained manner when compared with the absolute shambles of such events in France.

Another expert, this time at the swimming-pool, voiced the opinion that it might have been a good plan to have concealed the identities and the nationalities of the competitors from the judges, so that there could have been no question of any accusation of bias. . . . Water polo is always regarded as the roughest sport in the Olympic Games, and a number of incidents occurred; but without them it would be no more water polo than ice hockey would be ice hockey without a "prison."

One of the most attractive of all sports to watch is javelin throwing. The television camera cannot keep the missile in view all the way, but it was great fun to see on the spot. The trouble was that at any given moment at least three different events were taking place simultaneously in different parts of the arena—for instance, the women's long jump, javelin throwing, and the women's putting the shot. The last-named athletes were real Amazons—great husky girls. I wonder who women shot-putters marry? Presumably male shot-putters. Actually, I did not meet any of them face to face, and cannot tell how good-looking they were. It was merely their physique which was so impressive. All the other girl athletes, particularly the swimmers and divers, were for the most part amazingly pretty; which makes one wonder whether they have not anything better to do.

Another pleasant spectacle was the competitors practising on the track. I have never seen so many long, springy strides in my life.

Although the clothes of the spectators suggested that a considerable number of them were foreigners, they were completely swamped by the typically English crowds, and I doubt very much whether the Olympic Games Committee will have acquired much hard currency from their efforts. Programmes sold like hot cakes, but the sixpenny tin souvenirs of various shapes and sizes did not seem to be going well.

WINDING UP FOR A MIGHTY EFFORT: A. E. Panhorst-Niesink, of Holland, competing in the qualifying rounds of the women's putting-the-shot event at the XIVth Olympiad. This event was included in the modern Olympic programme for the first time

HOLLAND'S FLYING HOUSEWIFE: Fanny Blankers-Koen, who won the sprint event, taking the last flight to triumph in the 80 metres hurdles and set up a new Olympic record. Second was Maureen Gardner (935), of Britain, who came with a great run at the finish to be beaten by inches, but to share in the Olympic record time

WINNING THE LONG JUMP FOR HUNGARY: V. O. Gyarmati making a brilliant leap at Wembley Stadium

WOMEN AT THE OLYMPIC GAMES: Record-breaking to an unusual degree has marked the XIVth Olympiad, and the women competitors, in the track events especially, have played no small part in these achievements. First and foremost is the success of Mrs. F. E. Blankers-Koen, the Dutch competitor, who followed up her 100 metres with a spectacular 11·2 secs. in the 80-metres hurdles. Mrs. Blankers-Koen did not come home alone, however, for one-third of a stride behind her was the British girl, Miss Gardner. The stop-watch was unable to separate them. There was another Dutch triumph and another Olympic record broken in the 200 metres breast stroke for women, P. van Vliet bettering by nearly five seconds the record of Machata, of Japan, set up in 1936. In putting the shot, a new Olympic event, the competitors rather lagged behind existing record figures achieved by German competitors before the war

Of the competitors, the youngest was an Australian girl aged thirteen. The outstanding woman athlete was Fanny Blankers-Koen, who won almost everything for which she entered without any trouble at all.

Though the competitors were segregated each night after leaving the arena and the swimming-pool, many of them obviously made friendships. Sitting beside me at the swimming-pool were an Argentinian girl and a Canadian girl, who were evidently learning a great deal about the geography of each other's country. Both, incidentally, said that the water in the pool (which was about 68 deg.) was much colder than what they had been accustomed to at home. The Canadian, who came from Vancouver, said she was used to 78 deg.

It appeared that none of the competitors smoked, which was not surprising; but it certainly astonished me to learn that only one half-bottle of champagne had been sold to the V.I.P.s in the huge horseshoe bar near the main restaurant, in the first nine days of the Olympic Games. I was also a little surprised to be charged 1s. 6d. for a small piece of cheese in the restaurant of the Press Centre.

To sum up, the Olympic Games have been a surprisingly good testimonial to international relationships, anyway at Wembley. On the opening day the applause given to the Czechoslovakians, Hungarians, and other nationalities from behind the Iron Curtain was only equalled by the evident delight and counter-waving of these athletes themselves. Wembley, of course, was by no means the only place where events took place. One would have to divide oneself into several equal parts in order to see everything at Aldershot, Bisley, Harringay, the White City, Earl's Court, Torquay and elsewhere. Unfortunately, television is not available from any of the places outside London. On the other hand, viewers were able to see and listen to close-up interviews with several of the winners at Wembley. I end, therefore, as I began—television has had its greatest stimulus from the Olympic Games since its inception before the war. But if only it could be in colour!

THE CAMERA RECORDS THE XIVTH OLYMPIAD

Vignettes of the 1948 Games to which Fifty-eight Nations Sent Teams of Competitors

LLOYD B. LABEACH BREASTS THE TAPE TO WIN HEAT 4 IN THE SECOND ROUND OF THE 100 METRES: A spectacular effort by the runner from Panama, who throws up his great muscular arms as he thrusts forward to the line in 10·5 seconds. In the semi-final Labeach was second to Patton (United States) in one of the heats, and in the final was a worthy third to Dillard and Ewell, that redoubtable pair of coloured sprinters who have followed so brilliantly in the footsteps of Jesse Owens

When, in 1946, Britain sent forth to the athletes of the world an invitation to the XIVth Modern Olympiad, there were not a few who declared that we lacked the resources to stage such a show upon an adequate scale; that, coming after the vast nationalistic spectacle which Germany made of the Games in Berlin before the war, we would be hard put to it to play host to the world in the grand manner. To-day those critics are wiser, and those who attended the opening of the Games and the spectacular track events of the first few days, can say with confidence that they have never been presented in a manner more in keeping with the views of Baron de Coubertin, the founder of the modern series, more in keeping with the theory that it is the act of competing, not the act of winning, that matters. At Olympia, in ancient times, all Greeks met as brothers, the warring of the city states was set aside, and in 1948 at Wembley fifty-eight nations have come together in that same spirit. On these pages is a record of some of the achievements at this great festival of sport, and of some of the unusual incidents in the first week of the contests.

THE TRIUMPH OF ZATOPEK: The brilliant Czechoslovakian runner being helped in after his magnificent victory in the 10,000 metres, which he won in 29 mins. 59·6 secs. to create a new Olympic record, beating easily the time set up by Kusocincki, the Pole, in Los Angeles in 1932. Zatopek astonished everyone by setting a killing pace and keeping it up. A prolonged spurt in the sixteenth lap carried him well ahead, and to the astonishment of everyone, his great rival Heino gave up the contest. At the finish the Czech, desperately weary, produced a final spurt, and on reaching the tape was accorded an ovation which must seldom have been equalled in the history of athletics. In the 5,000 metres Zatopek engaged in a furious semi-final battle with Ahlden, the Swede, being just beaten, and then in the final had to bow the knee to Reiff of Belgium. Zatopek, however, provided a grandstand finish, and all but caught his weary rival in the last few strides

ONE OF THE GREATEST FINISHES IN THE HISTORY OF MODERN OLYMPIC SPORT—THE FINAL OF THE 100 METRES, IN WHICH THE TWO GREAT AMERICAN COLOURED RUNNERS DILLARD AND EWELL WERE ONLY SEPARATED BY THE JUDGES AFTER A PHOTO FINISH, AND IN WHICH ALL SIX FINALISTS WERE WITHIN INCHES OF EACH OTHER: Left to right—Harrison Dillard (No. 69), who was first, E. Macdonald Bailey (35), who was last; McCorquodale (No. 36), who was fourth; Lloyd Labeach, of Panama, who was third; Norwood Ewell (No. 70), was second, and Mel Patton (No. 71), who was fifth. Dillard is essentially a hurdler

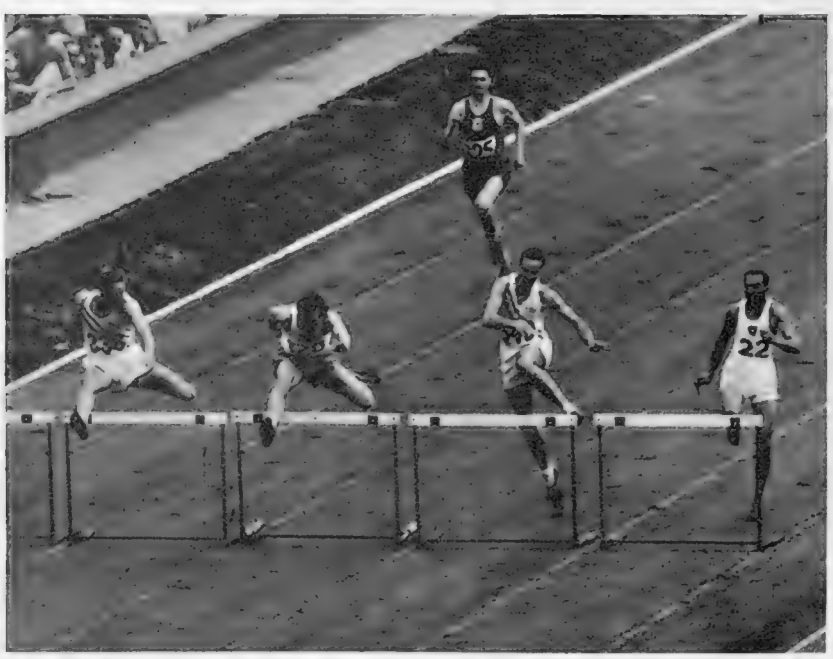
THE CAMERA RECORDS THE XIVTH OLYMPIAD

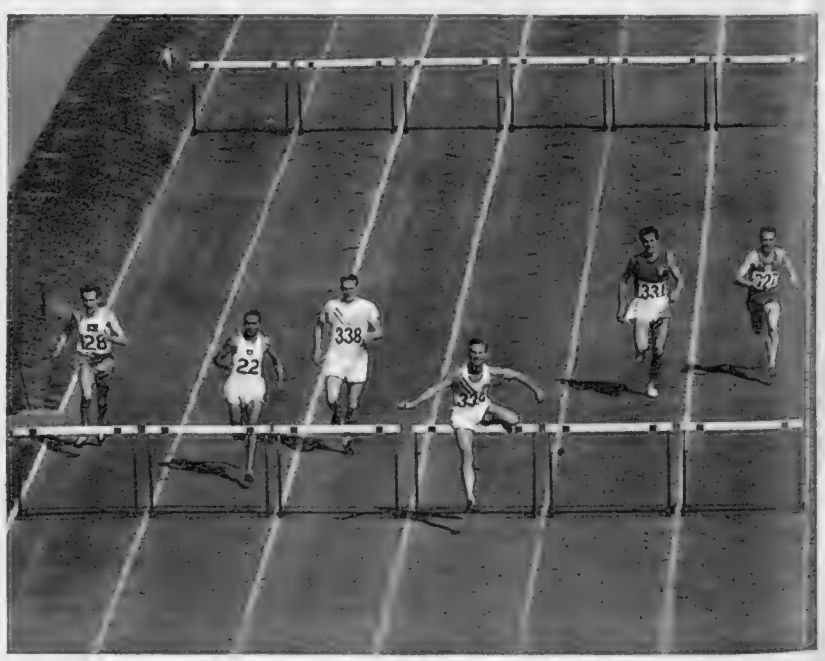
EDLEMAN DOES THE HIGH JUMP IN COPYBOOK STYLE: At this stage the American was clearing 6 ft. 1⅝ in. and he went on to take third place with his compatriot Stanich, both jumping 6 ft. 4¾ ins. The winner was Winter, of Australia, the first Olympic victory for the Commonwealth since 1924

McGREW TOOK THIS JUMP IN AN AMAZED AND ALMOST DEATHLY SILENCE: The American was making his third attempt to cross the bar at 6 ft. 1⅝ ins. He succeeded, and thus entered the final pool, but together with Paterson and Adedoyin, the British representatives, he was no match for the Australian Winter. The American setback was unexpected, as it was one of the events for which they had specialised

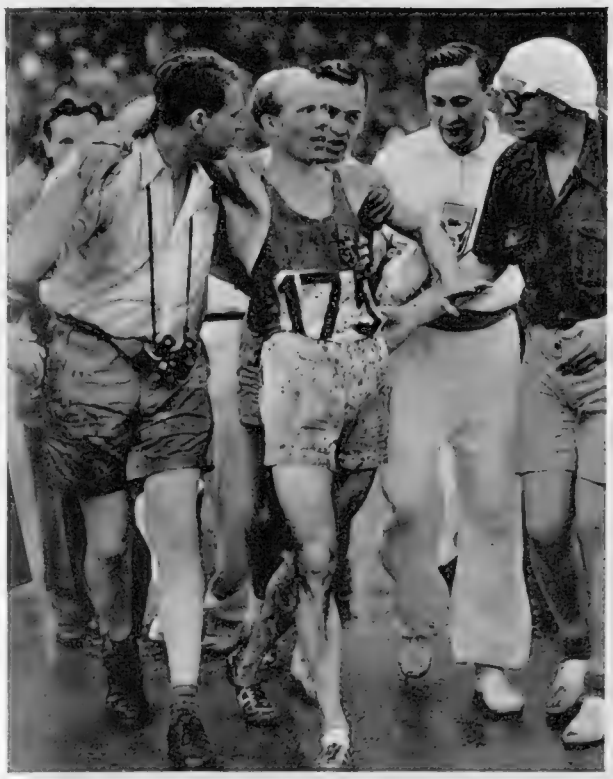
OVER THE STICKS—A BRILLIANT AMERICAN HURDLER IN ACTION: Roy Cochran, of the United States, seen in one of the early heats of the 400 metres, in which he achieved an Olympic record with a time of 51·1 secs. Larsson, the Swedish runner, also won his semi-final in the same time, but in the final Cochran showed that he is the most finished low hurdler in the world. His final burst of speed enabled him to return 51·1 secs. and establish another new record for the event

ON YOUR MARKS, GET SET, GO! A dramatic action picture of the start of a heat in the 100 metres. The runners from right to left are: Haukur Clausen (Iceland), S. C. Lines (Bermuda), C. Silva (Chile), B. O. Lovina (Philippines), E. Macdonald Bailey (Britain), and A. van Heerden (South Africa). In this heat Macdonald Bailey was not severely tried





SOME STAR PERFORMERS OVER THE LOW HURDLES: *Left*—In this picture Larsson, of Sweden (No. 128), is about to draw away from his rivals to win the semi-final of the 400 metres and to equal the performance of the American, Roy Cochran. *Right*—The final of the same event, with Cochran (No. 339) leading in one of the centre lanes as he swept forward towards the bend and set up a new Olympic record of 51·1 secs. Larsson (No. 128), in the outside lane, could only get third, D. White, of Ceylon (No. 22), being a very worthy runner-up

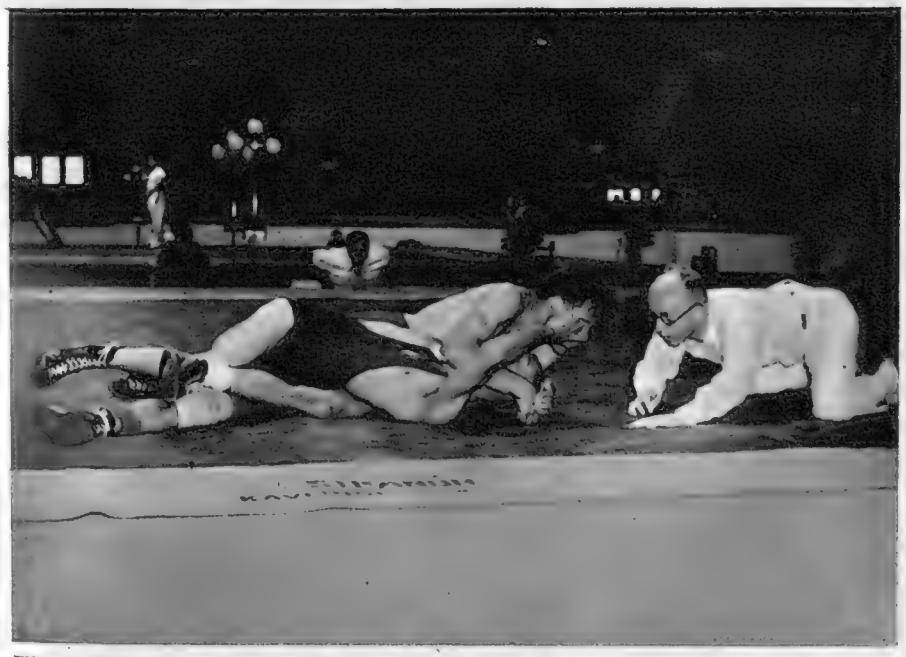


HE HELD ON IN THE FACE OF A WHIRLWIND FINISH : Reiff, of Belgium, a magnificent winner of the 5,000 metres, being assisted from the track after his success. With three laps to go Reiff snatched the lead from Zatopek, the Czech, but at the finish his rival was travelling much the faster of the two. During the race the runners were heavily bespattered with wet grit

AMERICA DEFEATS SWITZERLAND AT BASKETBALL—A SPARSELY-ATTENDED EVENT AT HARRINGAY ARENA : Members of the American team are seen attacking, and one of the players in the centre has just had a shot at goal. The Swiss, in dark vests, are waiting to get the ball away. No. 55 (on right) is J. B. Renick, the American captain. Great Britain did not do very well in the basketball, and in Group "A" they fell victims to Uruguay, being beaten by 69 points to 17. Basketball is now classified as a major sport, no fewer than fifty-two countries being affiliated to the Federation Internationale de Basketball Amateur. It was invented in America in 1891 by Dr. James Naismith

A DANISH COMPETITOR WHO FELL BY THE WAYSIDE : H. E. Christensen receiving the attention of ambulance men after falling and injuring himself in the 800 metres. The competitors coming round for the second time are seen passing him. In the lead is Mavroidis, of Greece (No. 154)

A CASUALTY IN THE 5,000 METRES : A. B. Toulsen, of Denmark, receives attention from medical orderlies and an Olympic official after collapsing. This event produced some of the most spectacular racing of the week, with the unrelenting performance of the Czech, Captain Zatopek, making a cracking pace throughout



THE OLYMPIC FREE-STYLE WRESTLING AT EARL'S COURT : Closely watched by the referee, two competitors in the Featherweight class struggle for the mastery. Flyweights, bantams, feathers, lights, middles, welters, light-heavies and heavyweights all competed in these strong-arm events

B. SINGH SHOWS HIS PACES IN THE LONG JUMP : Singh, who was enthusiastically applauded, is a Sikh and wears his hair tied in a "top-knot" with his handkerchief

THE CAMERA RECORDS THE XIVTH OLYMPIAD

THE FENCING EVENTS IN THE MODERN PENTATHLON IN AN ALDERSHOT GYMNASIUM : *Left*—A sergeant makes electrical contact for Captain Caballer, of Spain, before the latter goes into action. Both competitors have this electrical equipment attached, and when they score a touch it is recorded on the umpire's desk. *Right*—Major G. B. Moore (U.S.) misses during a bout with Captain Grut, of Sweden, the eventual winner of the pentathlon competition

A WORTHY SEMI-FINALIST IN THE 100 METRES FOR WOMEN : D. M. Batter, of Great Britain, winning her heat in the first round against K. M. Russell, of Jamaica (No. 701). The American girl and the Brazilian girl were eliminated. Miss Batter went on to the semi-final, where she was fourth to Mrs. Blankers-Koen

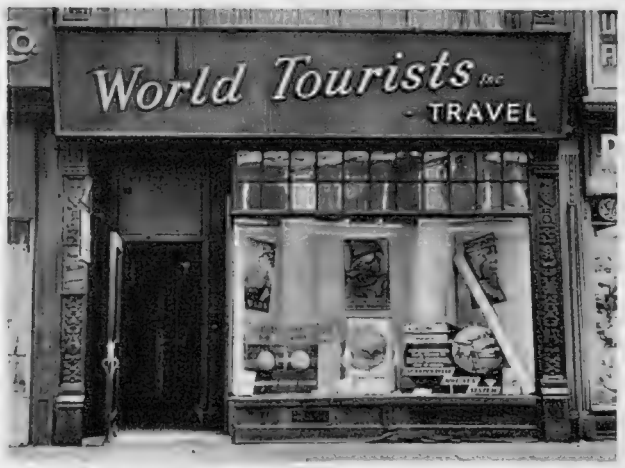
MRS. BLANKERS-KOEN SPRINTS TO VICTORY : The Dutch girl winning the women's 100 metres in 11·9 secs. Second in this keenly contested event was the London typist, Dorothy Manley (left), who made a truly tremendous final dash

THE OLYMPIC WOMEN'S DISCUS-THROWING CONTEST : M. O. M. Ostermeyer, of France, taking part in the competition, which she won with a throw of 137 ft. 6½ ins. Her nearest rival was G. E. C. Gentle, of Italy

ENQUIRY INTO THE WASHINGTON SPY NETWORK: Elizabeth Bentley, former member of the Communist Party, gives evidence before a Congressional sub-Committee on Capitol Hill. Left to right at the committee-table are Senator Irving Ives; Senator Kenneth Wherry; committee counsel, William Rogers; Senator Homer Ferguson, sub-committee chairman, and Senator John McLellan

COMMUNIST ACTIVITIES IN WASHINGTON AND NEW YORK

Communist spy activities were the talk of America last week. A former secret member-at-large in the Communist Party, Elizabeth Bentley, gave evidence concerning alleged espionage groups in Washington and New York implicating Government officials. She mentioned the head of a travel agency, Jacob Golos, for whom she stated she gathered information, and a second group headed by Victor Perlo, of the War Production Board. Others mentioned by her were Harry Dexter White, formerly Assistant Secretary of the Treasury; Lauchlin Currie, Administrative Assistant to the late President Roosevelt; William Remington; Nathan Gregory Silvermaster; John Apt; Louis Adamic and an Englishman (now believed to be a naturalised American), Michael Greenberg. Criticism of the procedure of the enquiry was made to the effect that names had been published first and enquiry into the validity of the allegations followed later.



WORLD TOURISTS, INC., 18, WEST 23RD STREET, NEW YORK CITY: The travel agency which Elizabeth Bentley has implicated in her confessions concerning spying activities. She stated that she began work during the war and, in 1941, extended her activities to military information

WILLIAM REMINGTON DENIES MISS BENTLEY'S CHARGES: The chairman of the Department of Commerce export and licence Committee said that his revulsion to Communism came when Russia began to violate war agreements

ELIZABETH BENTLEY BEFORE THE HOUSE COMMITTEE: She told how she obtained secret wartime information from United States Government officials and passed it on to espionage groups working for Russia

ARRESTED COMMUNIST LEADERS LEAVE THE FEDERAL COURT IN NEW YORK: William Z. Foster, head of the Communist Party of America, is on the left of the group, with Jacob Stachel, Communist Educational Secretary; Henry Winston, the party's Organisation Secretary; Benjamin Davis, Eugene Dennis, General Secretary of the party, and John W. Williamson, Trade Union Secretary of the party

The six leading American Communists were arraigned before the Federal Court in New York on charges of "conspiring to teach and advocate overthrow of the United States Government by force and violence." They were arrested under sealed indictments returned by a special Federal Grand Jury called to investigate alleged subversive activities, that had been at work for over a year. They were released in bail of 5,000 dollars each, pending the hearing of the case on the 23rd of this month. Bail was furnished by the Secretary of the Civil Rights Congress. Others named in the indictments were still being sought at the time of going to press

On right — HIGH-RANKING MEMBERS OF THE AMERICAN COMMUNIST PARTY IN COURT: Left to right, standing, are John Williamson, Henry Winston, Jacob Stachel, and, seated, Eugene Dennis, William Z. Foster and Benjamin Davis

The World of Books—By VERNON FANE

CÆSAR AND HIS CIRCLE

Thornton Wilder's Imaginative Study of the Great Roman Revealed in a Series of "Contemporary" Letters

AS a playwright, Thornton Wilder may be too esoteric for all tastes, but as a novelist he has a position of real distinction both here and in his own America.

THE IDES OF MARCH (Longmans. 9s. 6d.) is constructed in an experimental form, and not a particularly easy one, being mainly built up from letters supposed to have been written by Julius Cæsar, by Cleopatra, by Cæsar's wife, and by the Romans of their world. Only the poems of Catullus, and an extract from Suetonius, are not imaginary.

Nevertheless, here is a book of absorbing interest; of irony, of wise comment, and of sympathy with human beings, whether they live in Beckenham or the Bronx. The period in question is the last year of Cæsar's life: Calpurnia is his revered wife; the Queen of Egypt, lately arrived in Rome, his mistress. His assassination is drawing close and, in incalculable ways, he feels the forces of destiny closing in on him.

Still he occupies himself with daily affairs, with a scandal in the rites of the Vestal Virgins, with Catullus's love for his "Lesbia," with the wiles of Cleopatra.

No ruler was ever more complex of mind and action than the Cæsar that Mr. Wilder depicts, or more worthy of study. A great general and political leader, and yet a man whose love for women and whose often-frustrated desire to educate them, was one of his real and deep sources of unhappiness and bewilderment.

In THE SONG OF THE FLEA (Heinemann. 12s. 6d.) Gerald Kersh appears to have pulled it off. It is a typical Kersh theme: a study of the middle-class underworld (disbarred barristers, unsuccessful journalists, etc.). His hero is a type who is constantly harried by ill-luck and by his own kind heart, his pity and his quixotry.

Typical of Pym is the adventure in which we first meet him. He spends the whole of an exhausting day unpawning his various possessions and selling them for what he can get in order to unpawn his typewriter, so that he can finish his novel. He spends the last of his money on a tin of strawberries, but the only person who eats them is an old love (now thoroughly disliked), who is in difficulties: such difficulties that in the morning she steals Pym's typewriter for her current lover to pawn.

Pym is living in an unpleasant lodging-house, and in the room next door there is an old woman who has not a friend in the world. She summons Pym to her deathbed and bequeaths him a dubious play in exchange for a promise that she shall not be buried in a pauper's grave. Quixotically Pym pays for her funeral with the earnings on the only story which he has recently had accepted. Through the agency of a jovial actor called Rocky, he astonishingly moves into the prospects of prosperity by getting the play accepted only to have it dashed from him by the threats of a peculiarly nasty relative of the old woman, who grabs all the money he had had as an advance.

That is the barest outline of the plot of a story which is rich in good jokes and glorious, if consciously exaggerated, characters. At the same time, Gerald Kersh is not afraid sometimes to be serious about life and its sad lessons.

M. Ignace Legrand is a novelist whose distinction has already been acclaimed in France, but his work is little known over here as yet. THE LAND WITHIN (Phœnix. 10s. 6d.) is the book which made him famous in his own country twenty years ago, and it has now been published here in a translation by E. H. F. Mills. It is a haunting and remarkable piece of work, sometimes bewildering in its complexity, sometimes completely satisfying in its sincerity and profundity.

I must confess that I approached the task of reading a biography of Mohammed this week with considerable diffidence. Before I opened the book I found the whole idea daunting, and I was not reassured very greatly when I came to study the glossary, bibliography and the impressive list of characters concerned. Their names, as often happens on first impact with a totally foreign tongue, seemed indistinguishable one from another, and I wondered whether I should be able, with the best will in the world, to sort them out.

Now, having read THE MESSENGER (Robert Hale. 15s.), I can tell you how much I enjoyed it and how confidently I can recommend it to you. Its author is Colonel R. V. C. Bodley, a descendant of that Sir Thomas Bodley who founded Oxford's Bodleian Library, and even at that distance he has inherited some of the literary distinction of his forbear. Colonel Bodley's art is, emphatically, to conceal art, for his exposition is as clear, as restrained and as lucid as a regard for plain and good English can make it, and his study of the founding of Islam is not only fascinating historically; it is downright exciting.

Mohammed was not always a visionary or an ascetic. He was the son of prosperous people, born towards the end of the sixth century A.D., and he lived as a child among the nomad people, but not in poverty. Later, it was the customs of these communities that were to shape the tenets of Islam. Mohammed was himself a merchant, married at twenty-six to a rich woman from Mecca, and he was forty before he received the "call," which was to him a divine revelation, charging him to unite all the Arab nations in the true faith.

For the next ten years after that he retired from the affairs of the world, preparing himself and his followers for the day when both spiritual and physical action would be necessary, and would be concerted in such a way that it would triumph, and establish an unquestioned faith and religion. Mohammed's disciples followed his spiritual precepts, but they knew another kind of action, too, as witness the story of the young man who faced a redoubtable Meccan warrior in single combat and cut off his leg with a scimitar, only to have it picked up by the victim and hurled back at him.

This is an extraordinary book, and I feel that, on one count or another, you shouldn't miss it.

If love for a place is a qualification for writing about it, and if to that affection is added an encyclopædic knowledge of its people and its buildings, and to that again a graceful and poetic mastery of the English language, then no county was ever better served than KENT (Robert Hale. 15s.). Mr. Richard Church has written this new volume in the collection of "County Books," which already contains twenty subjects, under the general editorship of Mr. Brian Vesey-Fitzgerald.

For all the obvious reasons, and sometimes these are the best, a book on this special county appeals to me more than the most classic treatise on Cumberland or Leicestershire. That, I know, is partisanship, but in this case I 'm afraid it is ineradicable, and in Mr. Church I find the ideal writer for the matter. Although he dedicates his book discreetly and equally "to all Kentish Men, and Men of Kent," he is himself neither, but, like Chaucer, a Cockney. "So why," asks Mr. Church, "should not another Cockney voice his adoration, later in her history, at a moment when she has suffered somewhat, and had her beauty marred by front-line exposure to the ravages of the barbarian who threatened to rape her, but did not succeed?"

The book, as all books of this nature should be if they are to have real value, is widely discursive, endlessly informative, sometimes lyrical, sometimes anecdotal, and occasionally stinging in condemnation. Like the county itself, it never approaches dullness and, again like the county, it is full of treasures.

THOMAS HARDY'S COTTAGE PRESERVED FOR THE NATION: The thatched, cob-walled building at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester, birthplace of the great novelist on June 2, 1840, which has been bought by the National Trust and which will shortly be opened to visitors. Under the provisions of Hardy's will, this cottage has never been connected with commercial activities; each tenant being bound to use it as an ordinary dwelling and not to convert it into tea-rooms or a show-place. It was here that Hardy wrote *Under the Greenwood Tree* and *Far From the Madding Crowd*. Although his ashes were buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, Hardy's heart was buried near Dorchester, the scene of his death

THE NAVY THROUGH THE AGES

An Erudite Survey of Our Senior Service

Britain's sea power laid the foundations of her Empire and it has saved Britain from every tyrant who has threatened the island from the days of Philip of Spain to those of Adolf Hitler; but the vast territorial gains of the acquisitive past, and the great battles which ensured our survival, only engage incidentally the attention of Professor Michael Lewis. In THE NAVY OF BRITAIN (George Allen and Unwin. 30s.), this Professor of History at the Royal Naval College, Greenwich, presents the structure of this mighty fighting service as it has developed from the time of King Alfred, with his shire-contribution system, and from the feudal array of the eleventh century, whereby towns on the coast were endowed with privileges and franchises, rendering definite services in return. It is a simple, straightforward and erudite survey, with few trimmings and no heroics, and it shows, above all else, that the Royal Navy itself is but the nucleus of something much wider and of even greater national importance, a living organism with tremendous natural reserves. The Professor, indeed, pays a glowing tribute to the reserves, the men so often dubbed as "Wavy Navy," and he shows how all are united in a common tradition, whether they be R.N., R.N.R. or R.N.V.R. Planes, torpedoes, bombs and mines are now the equipment of the modern Navy. New techniques and new skills are required, but, whatever the expansion in times of war, the tradition is secure. Special praise must go to Professor Lewis for his method of dealing with the progress of tactical development in the Navy. If he faltered in lucidity upon such a subject, the layman would be forgiving, but with admirable skill he makes plain the most complicated manœuvres, welding them into the narrative; and all the time he keeps interest very much alive. His account of how Sir John Jervis fought the Battle of Cape St. Vincent, and of how Commodore Nelson, in the *Captain*, the last ship but one of the line, held open the gap by an act of supreme moral courage (a temporary turning tail) could not be bettered. Turning to modern war, there is also a brilliant comparison between the Battle of Tsushima, Togo's annihilating victory over the Russians in 1905, and Jutland, the drawn encounter in which Jellicoe, by skill and luck, achieved the tactical advantage of crossing the enemy's T, but was foiled by the grey skies of the North Sea as Von Scheer, utterly in ignorance of his position, found himself in line ahead making straight for the British Fleet as it steamed across his bows.

As an historical portrait of the British Navy, Professor Lewis's book deserves a big welcome. For years to come it will be a standard work upon the Senior Service.

THE ENGLISH SCENE (Batsford. 15s.) now enters upon its third edition. This anthology of country life, edited by F. Alan Walbank, was compiled at a time when "Britain was being forced to bare her reluctant teeth to half the world," and it must have given pleasure to thousands. The extracts are from the works of prose writers since 1700, from Addison and Austen, Bennett and Borrow, Galsworthy and Gaskell, Powys and Priestley, Thackeray and Trollope, Webb and Wells. It is a delightful idea, delightfully carried out.

Jan Vermeer, that rare and faultless painter of tranquil harmonies, has been described as "the greatest of the little masters," and it is hard to understand why his works remained for so long in obscurity. To-day the floodlight of sensational publicity plays upon them, due to the efforts of the late Van Meegeren, forger *par excellence*, a publicity that is somehow quite out of keeping with the man who painted those serene landscapes matchless in their crystalline purity of light and those quiet interiors with their lovely radiance. In JAN VERMEER VAN DELFT (Batsford. 42s.), A. B. de Vries has produced a magnificent record of Vermeer's work, and one for which all art lovers must be grateful. The colour and half-tone illustrations are all excellent. The chapter on falsifications is valuable, and, needless to say, Van Meegeren's great creative forgery "Supper at Emmaus," and it *is* great, which made use of his knowledge of the Old Master's technique, receives a full share of attention.

Thanks to Mr. de Vries, we are now on surer ground in regard to Vermeer's work, and all will be at one with him when he declares: "Any attempt at ascribing to him pictures of dubious importance is an offence to his genius."

DRAWINGS BY EUROPEAN MASTERS FROM THE ALBERTINA (Batsford. 20s.) is an elaborate portfolio containing nineteen facsimile plates of works by Raphael, Michelangelo, Correggio, Dürer, and other artists whose works were brought into the celebrated Albertina Collection by Count Albert of Saxe-Teschen, and the Archduke Charles, victor of Aspern. Raphael's "Madonna with Pomegranate," a chalk drawing of incomparable beauty, has a worthy place in the collection.

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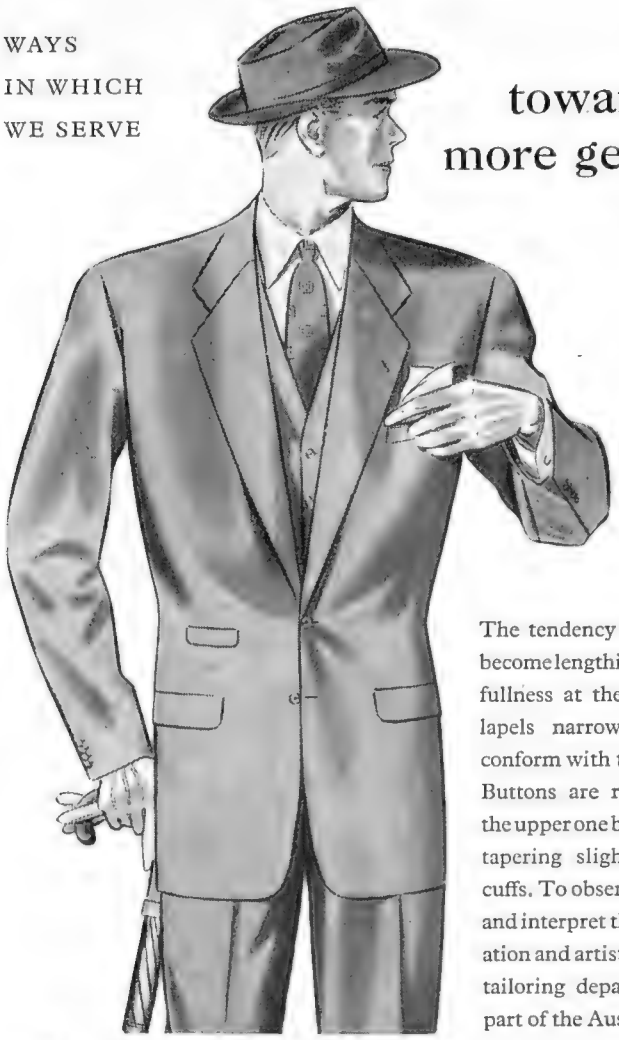

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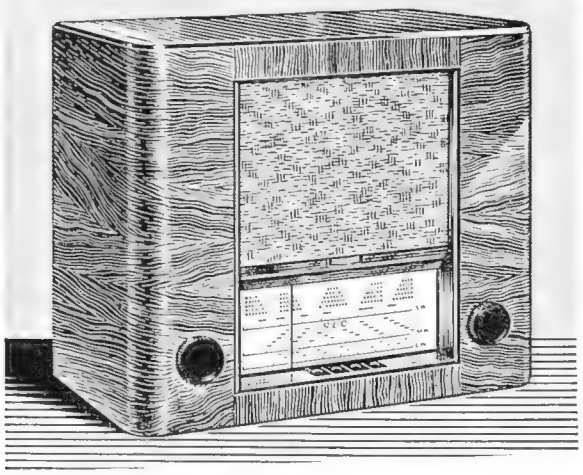

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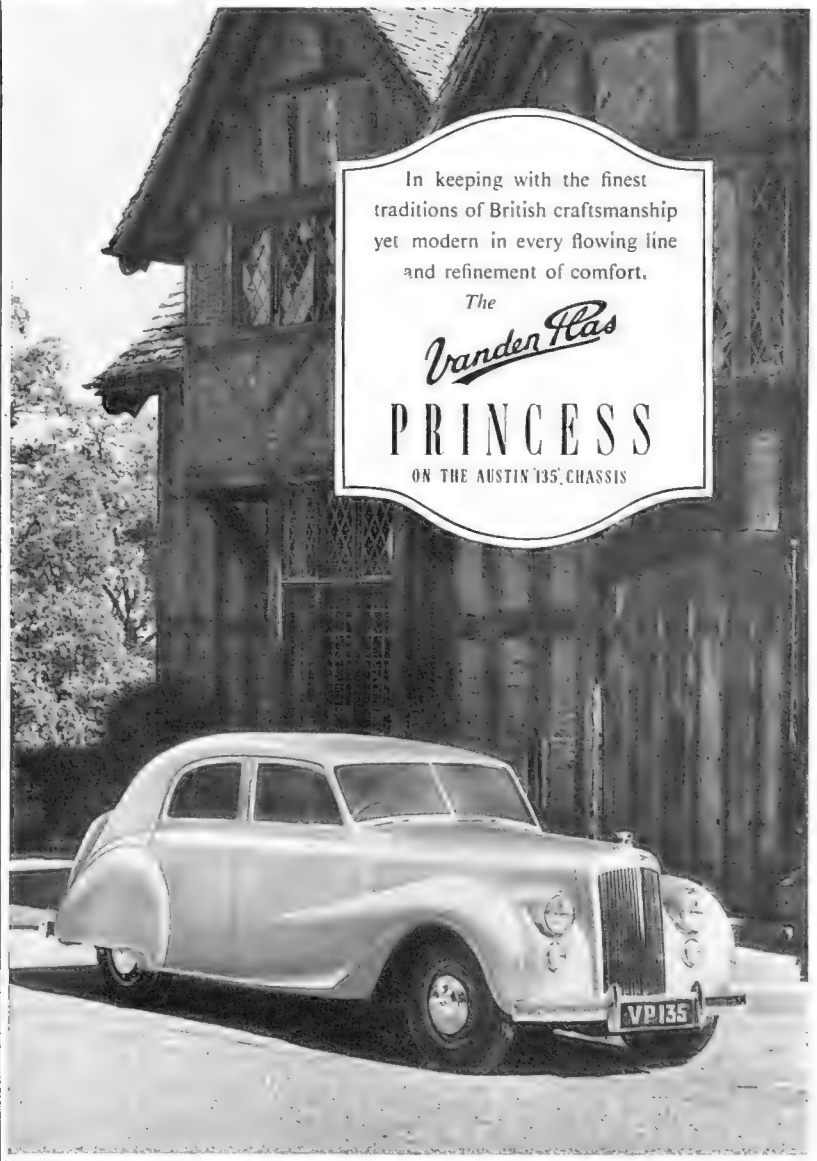

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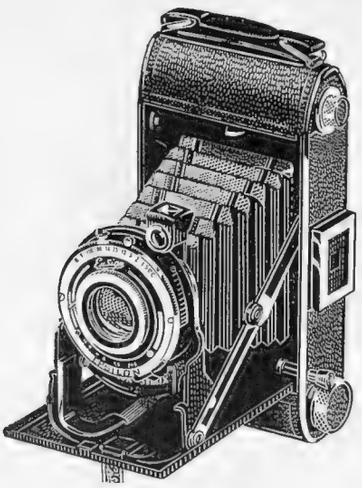

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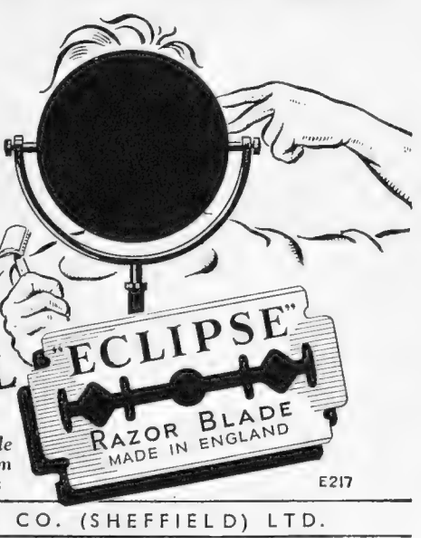

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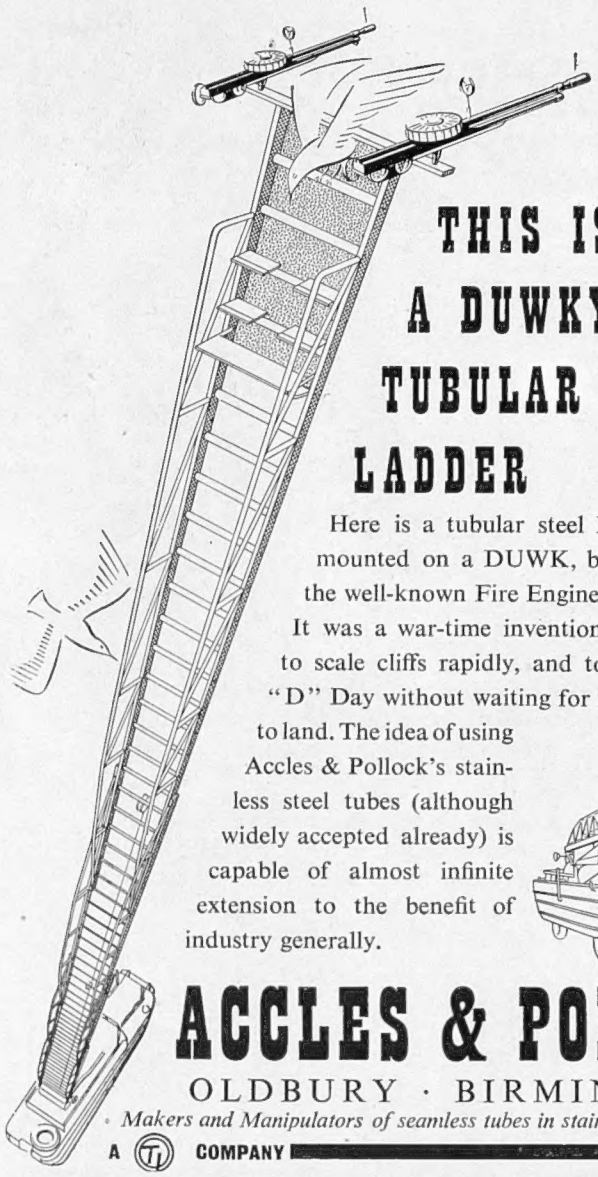

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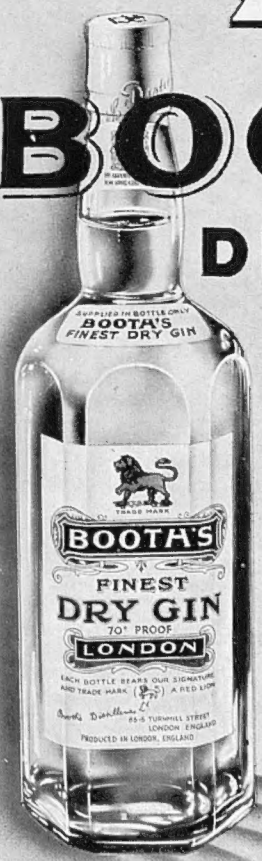

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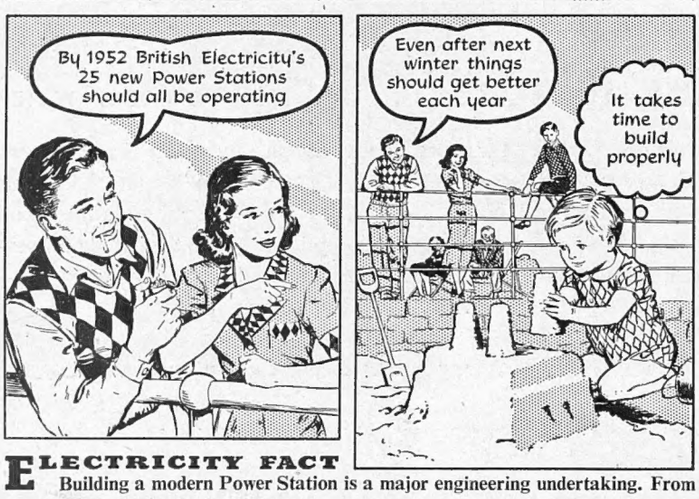

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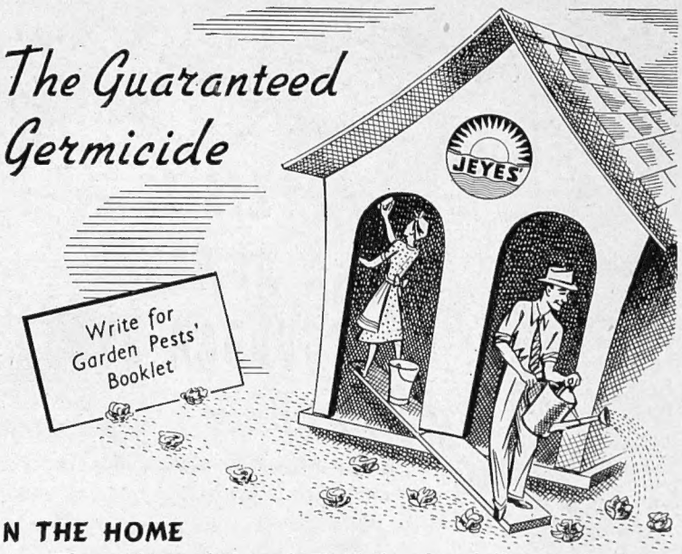

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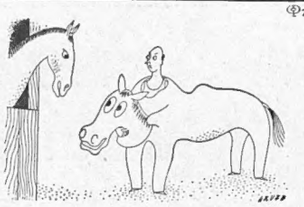

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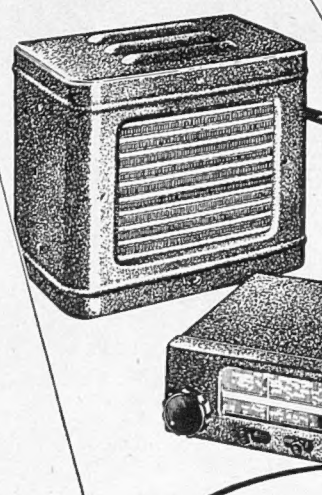

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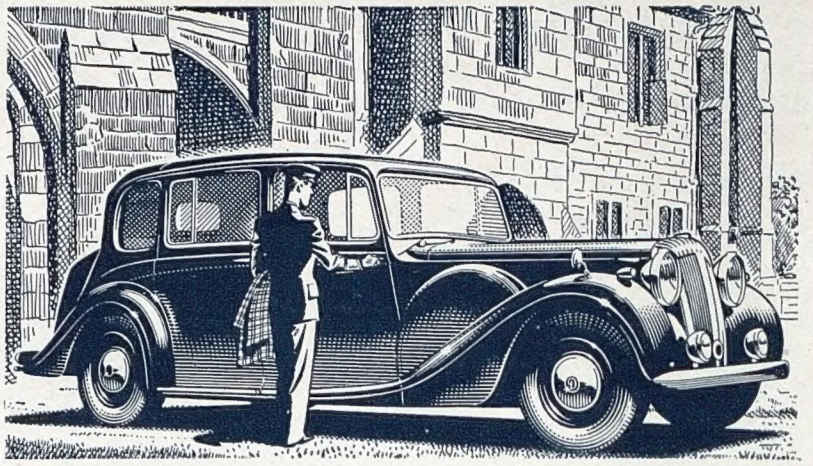

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